THE NIGHT-VVALKER, OR THE LITTLE THEIFE.

A COMEDY,

As it vvas presented by her Majesties Servants, at the Private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by *John Fletcher*. Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*. 1640.

THE
NIGHT-
WALKER,
OR THE
LITTLE THIEF.
A COMEDY,

As it was presented by her
Majesties Servants, at the Private
House in Dury-Lane.

Written by John Fletcher, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Dring, John Starkey,
and Will. Cooke.

TO

The Worthily-deserving all his ingenuous Attributes WILLIAM HVDSON *Esq.*

Worthy Sir,

I *Should derogate from your worth, to doubt of your pardon, and I should wrong too much your goodnesse to present the endeavours of some frothy braine to the triall of your judgement, when the More ignorant world had already condemned it; but sir, this is one of the coheirs of much admired, much lamented* Fletcher, *whose matchlesse Fancies are fit onely for the perusall of such as you, who have candour and knowledge so united, that there cannot be a reprive for those Poems you condemne; accept this weake Testimonie of my Service, and as yours by familiar acquaintance with them, favourably entertaine these witty conceits particularly presented unto you, by him who shall glory in nothing more than to be stiled*

The Honorer of
Your Vertues,

A. C.

The Actors Names.

Tom Lurcher.
Jacke Wildbraine.
Gentlemen.

Justice Algripe.
Franke Hartlove.
Toby.
Servants.
Sexton.
Bell-Ringers.
Boy.

A Lady, Mother to Maria.
Maria.
Nurse.
Mistrisse Newlove.
Women.
Mistresse.

THE NIGHT-VVALKER:

OR,

The little Theefe.

Actus primus, Scena prima

Enter Tom Lurcher and Jack Wildbraine.

Lurc. Hacke.

Wild. What winde brought thee hither?
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall
Hast thou beene like a Swallow all this Winter,
Where hast thou beene man?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What Plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing's thy owne purchase.

Lur. The best inheritance.

Wild. Not in my opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred pound a yeare.

Lur. Tis gone,
Prethee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, nature made all men equall,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not: till men wonne a priviledge
By that they call endeavour, which indeede

Is nothing but a lawfull Cosenage,
An allowed way to cheate, why should my neighbour
That hath no more soule then his Horsekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broome man,
Have fortie thousand pound, and I foure groates;
Why should he keepe it?

Wil. Thy old opinion still.

Lur. Why should that Scrivener
That ne're writ reason in his life, nor any thing
That time e're gloried in, that never knew
How to keepe any curtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint universi* must proclaime it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascall:
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand pound, is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution,
Can feede upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I goe beg?

Wil. What's this to thee?
Thou canst not mend it, if thou beest determind
To rob all like a tyrant, yet take heede
A keener justice doe not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Nooze.

Lur. I am no Woodcocke,
He that shall sit downe frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pitty, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for wenching.

Wil. For beauty I, a safe course,
No halter hangs in my way, I defie it.

Lur. But a worse fate, a wilfull povertie,
For where thou gainst by one that indeede loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, tis thy destiny;
One is a kinde of weeping crosse *Iacke*,
A gentle purgatory, doe not fling at all,
You'le pay the Box so often, till thou perish.

Wil. Take you no care for that Sir, tis my pleasure,
I will imploy my wits a great deale faster

Then

Then you ſhall doe your fingers, and my Loves,
If I miſtake not, ſhall prove riper harveſt
And handſomer, and come within leſſe danger.
Where's thy young ſiſter?

Lur. I know not where ſhe is, ſhe is not worth caring for,
She has no wit.
Oh you'd be nibling with her,
Shee's farre enough I hope, I know not where,
Shee's not worth caring for, a ſullen thing
Shee wod not take my counſell *Iacke*,
And ſo I parted from her.

Wil. Leave her to her wants?

Lur. I gave her a little money what I could ſpare,
Shee had a minde toth countrey, ſhe is turn'd
By this ſome Farriers dairy maid, I may meet her
Riding from market one day twixt her Dorſers,
If I doe, by this hand I wonnot ſpare
Her butter pence.

Wil. Thou wilt not rob thy Siſter.

Lur. She ſhall account me for her Egges and Cheeſes.

Wil. A pretty Girle, did not old *Algripe* love her,
A very pretty Girle ſhe was.

Lur. Some ſuch thing,
But he was too wiſe to faſten; let her paſſe.

Wil. Then where's thy Miſtreſſe?

Lur. Where you ſhannot finde her,
Nor know what ſtuffe ſhe is made on, no indeed Sir,
I choſe her not for your uſe.

Wil. Sure ſhe is handſome.

Lur. Yes indeed is ſhe, ſhe is very handſome, but that's all one;

Wil. Youle come toth marriage.

Lur. Is it to day.

Wil. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great preparation,
Does Juſtice *Algripe* ſhew his power.

Wil. Very glorious, and glorious people there.

Lur. I may meet with him yet er'e I die as cunning as he is.

Wil. You may doe good *Tom* at the marriage,

We have Plate and daintie things.

Lur. Doe you no harme Sir,
For yet me thinkes the martiage should be mar'd
If thou maist have thy will, farewell, say nothing. *Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wil. You are welcome noble friends.

1. I thanke you Sir,
Nephew to the old Lady, his name is *Wildbraine*,
And wild his best condition.

2. I have heard of him,
I pray ye tell me Sir, is young *Maria* merry
After her marriage rites? does she looke lively?
How does she like her man?

Wil. Very scurvely,
And as untowardly she prepares herselfe,
But tis mine Ants will, that this dull mettall
Must be mixt with her to allay her handsomeneſſe.

1. Had *Hartlove* no fast friends?

Wil. His meanes are little,
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keepe company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of—
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But tis her unhansome fate; let her *Enter Hartlove.*

1. I am sorry fort,
Here comes poore *Franke*, nay we are friends, starr not Sir,
We see your willow and are sorry fort,
And though it be a wedding we are halfe mourners.

Fra. Good Gentlemen remember not my fortunes,
They are not to be helpt with words.

Wil. Looke up man,
A proper sensible fellow and shrinke for a Wench,
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomneſſe?

Fr. Prethee leave fooling. *Wil.* Prethee leave thou whining,
Have maides forgot to love?

Fr. You are injurious.

Wil. Let 'em alone a while, thei'le follow thee.

1. Come good *Franke*,

Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would doe.
2. Be a free guest, and thinke not of those passages.
Wil. Thinke how to nicke him home, thou knowst she dotes (on thee;
Graffe me a daintie medler on his crabstocke;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.
Fr. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I beare my misery;
Honest mindes woud ha better thoughts.
Wil. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth,
Yet honest *Franke*, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tombe, enjoy her maidenhead.
Fr. Prethee leave mocking. *Wil.* Prethee *Franke* beleeve me,
Go to consider, harke, they knocke to dinner, *Knock within.*
Come wo't thou goe?
2. I prethee *Franke* goe with us,
And laugh and dance as we doe.
Fr. You are light Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts, pray give me leave,
Ile come and see, and take my leave.
Wil. Wee'le looke for you,
Doe not despaire, I have a tricke yet. *Exit.*
Fr. Yes,
When I am mischievous I will beleeve your projects;
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot helpe it,
My hopes and all my happinesse gone with her.
Gone like a pleasing dreame: what mirth and jollitie
Raignes round about this house? how every office
Swetes with new joyes, can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure she has a false heart then; still they grow lowder
The old mans god, his gold, has wonne upon her
(Light hearted Cordiall gold) and all my services
That offred naked truth, are cleane forgotten;
Yet if she were compel'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her will mine, *Enter Lady and Wildbraine.*
Although he had her body.
La. He shall come in.

Walke without doores o' this day, though an enemy,
It must not be.

Wil. You must compell him Madam.

La. No she shall fetch him in, Nephew it shall be so.

Wil. It will be fittest. *Exit.*

Fr. Can faire *Maria* looke agen upon me?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetnesse?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to defie me?
She comes her selfe: how rich she is in Jewels!
Me thinkes they show like frozen Isicles,
Cold winter had hung on her, how the Roses
That kept continuall spring within her cheekes
Are withered with the old mans dull imbraces?
She would speake to me. I can sigh too Lady
But from a sounder heart: yes, and can weepe too
But tis for you, that ever I beleev'd you,
Teares of more pious value then your marriage;
You would encase your selfe, and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compells from me;
Goe, and forget me, and my povertie,
I neede not bid you, y'are too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyall love, nay turne not from me,
I will not aske a treare more, you are bountifull,
Goe and rejoyce, and I will waite upon you
That little of my life left.

Mar. Good Sir heare me,
What has beene done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will: forc'd from me by my parents,
Now tis done, doe as I doe, beare it handsomely
And if there can be more societie
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my will prosper'd;
You talke of little time of life: deare *Franke*,
Certaine I am not married for eternity,
The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortall

And shorter liv'd then you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Adde what I coveted, 'content, goe with me,
They seeke a day of joy, prethee let's show it
Though it before'd, and by this kisse beleeve me
How ever, I must live at his command now,
Ile dye at yours.
Fr. I have enough, Ile honour yee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my trinkets, and this lustie marriage
I meane to visit, I have shift of all sorts,
And here are thousand wheeles to set 'em working,
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yeeld me lustie pillage, if mad *Wildgoose*
That debosh'd rogue keepe but his ancient revells
And breede a hubbub in the house I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?
Boy. A poore distressed boy Sir,
Friendlesse and comfortlesse, that would entreate
Some charitie and kindnesse from your worship,
I would faine serve Sir, and as faine indeavour
With dutious labour to deserve the love
Of that good Gentleman shall entertaine me.
Lur. A pretty Boy, but of too milde a breeding,
Too tender and too bashfull a behaviour,
What canst thou doe?
Boy. I can learne any thing
That's good and honest, and shall please Master.
Lur. He blushes as he speakes, and that I like not,
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust, this boy now
Had I instructed him had beene a Jewell,
A treasure for my use, thou canst not lye.
Boy. I would not willingly.
Lur. Nor thou hast no wit
To dissemble neately.
Boy. Doe you love such boyes, Sir?

Lur.

Lur. Oh mainely, mainely, I would have my boy impudent,
Outface all truth, yet doe it piously:
Like *Proteus*, cast himselfe into all formes,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts,
Blench at no danger, though it be the Gallowes,
Nor make no conscience of a colonage
Though it be ith Church; your soft, demure, still children
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces
And sing songs to dull tunes; I would keepe thee
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active qualitie,
And be a tender master to thy knavery,
But thou art not for my use.

Boy. Doe you speake this seriously?

Lur. Yes indeed doe I.

Boy. Would you have your Boy Sir
Read in these morall mischiefes?

Lur. Now thou mov'st me.

Boy. And be a well traind youth in all activities?

Lur. By any meanes. *Boy.* Or doe you this to try me,
Fearing a proneneſſe.

Lur. I speake this to make thee.

Boy. Then take me Sir, and cherish me and love me;
You have me what you would: beleeve me Sir
I can doe any thing for your advantage,
I gueſſe at what you meane; I can lie naturally,
As easily, as I can sleepe Sir, and securely:
As naturally I can steale too.

Lur. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.

Boy. Steale any thing from any body living.

Lur. Not from thy Master.

Bo. That's mine owne body:
And muſt not be.

Lur. The Boy mends mightily.

Boy. A rich man, that like snow, heapes up his moneys
I have a kind of pious zeale to meet still;
A foole that not deserves 'em, I take pittie on,
For feare he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lur.

Lur. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me,
Of my owne nature just.
Boy. I scorne all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I doe best sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And to those twice so many tongues to flatter,
An impudence no brasse was ever tougher,
And for my conscience.
Lur. Peace, I ha found a Jewell,
A Jewell all the Indies cannot match,
And thou shat feele ——
Boy. This title, and I ha done sir;
I never can confesse, I ha that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a Magistate,
Such Innocence to catch a Judge, such ignorance.
Lur. Ile learne of thee, thou art my owne, come Boy
Ile give thee action presently.
Boy. Have at you.
Lur. What must I call thee
Boy. Snap sir.
Lur. Tis most naturall
A name borne to thee, sure thou art a Fairie,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happie.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistresse Newlove, Tobie.

La. Where be these knaves? who strues up all the liveries,
Is the brides bed made?
Tob. Yes Madam and a bell
Hung under it artificially.
La. Out knave out
Must we have larums now?
Tob. A little warning
That we may know when to begin our healths Madam,
The Justice is a kinde of old Jade Madam,
That will goe merriest with a bell.
La. All the house drunke.
Tob. This is a day of Jubile.
La. Are the best hangings up, and the plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?

Nur. The dairie mayd,
And sheele put that in will make him capes:
Well Madam, well, you might ha chose another,
A handsomer for your yeares.
La. Peace he is rich Nurse,
He is rich, and that's hee's vertue.
Nur. I am sure he is rotten,
Would he had beene hang'd when he first saw her. *Tremagam!*
La. What an angry queane is this, where,
Who lookes to him?
To. He is very merry Madam ——
M. *Wildbraine*, has him in hand, i'th' bottome o'th Sellar.
He sighes and tipples.
Nur. Alas good Gentleman,
My hearts sore for thee.
La. Sorrow must have his course, sirra
Give him some Sacke to dry up his remembrance,
How does the Bridegroome, I am afraide of him.
Nur. He is a trim youth to be tender of, hempe take him.
Must my sweete new blowne Rose finde such a winter
Before her spring be neere.
La. Peace, peace, thou art foolish.
Nur. And dances like a Towne top: and reeles, and hobbles.
La. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much wine.
Tom. He shall ha none by my consent.
La. Are the women comforting my daughter?
New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a patterne of true patience,
They read and pray for her too.
Nur. They had neede,
Ye had better marry her to her grave a great deale:
There will be peace and rest, alas poore gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her tendernesse?
Well Madam well my heart bleeds.
La. Thou art a foole still
Nur. Pray heaven I be.
La. And an old foole to be vext thus.
Tis late she must to bed, goe knave be merry.

Drinke for a Boy, away to all your charges.

Enter Wildbraine, and Franke Heartlove.

Wil. Doe as thou wot, but if thou doſt refuſe it
Thou art the ſtupid'ſt aſſe, there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious *Franke*.

Fr. I am hot with wine,
And apt now to beleeve, but if thou doſt this
Out of a villanie, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough.

Wil. Does ſhe not love thee?
Did ſhe not cry downe right eene now to part with thee?
Had ſhe not ſwounded if I had not caught her?
Canſt thou have more?

Fr. I muſt confeſſe all this.

Wil. Doe not ſtand prating, and miſdoubting, caſting,
If ſhe goe from thee now, ſhe's loſt for ever;
Now now ſhe's going, ſhe that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'ſt.

Fr. Pray let me thinke a little.

Wi. There is no leiſure; thinke when thou haſt imbrac'd her
Can ſhe imagine thou didſt ever honour her,
Ever beleeve thy oathes, that tamely ſuffer'ſt
An old dry ham of horſe fleſh to enjoy her
Enjoy her Maiden head: take but that from her
That we may tell poſterity a man had it,
A handſome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To ſave the honour of our houſe, the credit,
Tis no great matter I deſire.

Fr. I heare you.

Wi. Free us both from the feare of breeding foules
And ophs, got by this ſhaddow: we talke too long.

Fr. She is going now to bed, among the women
What opportunitie can I have to meete her?

Wil. Let me alone, haſt thou a will? ſpeake ſoundly,
Speake diſcreetely, ſpeake home and handſomely,
Iſt not pitty, nay miſery, nay infamie to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a raskall.

Fr. I will goe preſently, now, now, I ſtay thee.

Wi. Such a dainty Doe, to be taken
By one that knowes not necke beefe from a Phefant,
Nor cannot relliſh Braggat from Ambroſia.
Is it not conſcience.

Fr. Yes, yes, now I feele it.

Wi. A meritorious thing.

Fr. Good Father Wildgooſe,
I doe confeſſe it.

Wil. Come then follow me
And plucke a mans heart up, Ile locke thee privately
Where ſhe alone ſhall preſently paſſe by,
None neere to interupt thee but be ſure;

Fr. I ſhall be ſure enough, leade on, and crowne me.

Wi. No wringings in your minde now as you love me. *Ex.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Juſtice. Gent. Nurſe, Newlove.

La. Tis time you were a bed.

Ju. I prethee ſweete heart
Conſider my neceſſity, why art ſad?
I muſt tell you a tale in your eare anon.

Nur. Of *Tom Thumb.*
I beleeve that will prove your ſtiffeſt ſtory.

New. I pitty the young wench.

1. And ſo doe I too.

2. Come, old ſticks take fire.

1. But the Plague is, heele burne out inſtantly;
Give him another cup.

2. Thoſe are but flaſhes,
A tun of ſacke wonot ſet him high enough.
Will ye to bed?

M. I muſt.

1. Come have a good heart;
And win him like a bowle to lye cloſe to you,
Make your beſt uſe.

Ju. Nay prethee Ducke goe inſtantly,
Ile daunce a Jig or two to warme my body.

Enter Wildbraine.

Wild. Tis almoſt midnight.

La. Prethee to bed *Maria.*

Wil. Goe you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts a while, there muſt be
A time of taking leave of the ſame fooleries
Bewailing others maiden-heads.
La. Come then,
Weele waite in the next roome.
In. Doe not tarry
For if thou doſt, by my troth I ſhall fall aſleepe *Mall.* *Exit.*
Wi. Doe, doe, and dreame of Dotrells, get you to bed quickly
And let us ha no more ſtirre, come no crying
Tis too late now, carry your ſelfe diſcreetely,
The old theefe loves thee deerely, thats the benefit.
For the reſt you muſt make your owne play, Nay not that way.
Theile pull yee all to peeces, for your whim whams,
Your garters and your gloves, goe modeſtly
And privately ſteale to bed, tis very late *Mall,*
For if you goe by them ſuch a new larum.
Ma. I know not which way to avoyde em.
Wi. This way
This through the Cloiſters: and ſo ſteale to bed,
When you are there once, all will ſeparate
And give yee reſt, I came out of my pitty
To ſhew you this.
Ma. I thanke you.
Wi. Here's the keyes
Goe preſently and locke the doores faſt after yee,
That none ſhall follow.
Ma. Good night.
Wi. Good-night ſweete Coſen,
A good, and ſweete night, or Ile curſe thee *Franke.* *Exit.*

Enter Franke Hartlove.

Fra. She ſtaies long, ſure young *Wildgooſe* has abus'd me,
He has made ſport wi' me, I may yet get out againe,
And I may ſee his face once more, I ha ſoule intentions,
But they are drawne on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Harke, harke, it was the doore,
Something comes this way, wondrous ſtill, and ſtealing

May be some walking spirit to affright me.
Ma. Oh heaven my fortune.
Fr. Tis her voyce, stay.
Ma. Save me
Blesse me you better powers.
Fr. I am no Devill.
Ma. Yare little better to disturb me now.
Fr. My name is *Hartlove*
Ma. Fye, fie, worthy friend,
Fye noble sir.
Fr. I must talke farther with yee
You know my faire affection.
Ma. So preserve it,
You know I am married now, for shame be civiller,
Not all the earth shall make me.
Fr. Pray walke this way,
And if you ever lov'd me.
Ma. Take heede *Franke*
How you divert that love to hate, goe home prethee.
Fr. Shall he enjoy that sweete?
Mar. Nay pray unhand me.
Fr. He that nere felt what love was.
Ma. Then I charge you
Stand further off.
Fr. I am tame, but let me walke we'yee,
Talke but a minute.
Mar. So your talke be honest
And my untainted honour suffer not
Ile walke a turne or two.
Fr. Give me your hand then. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbraine, Iustice, Lady, Nurse, Gent. Women, Newlove.

Iust. Shee's not in her Chamber.
Lad. She is not here.
Wil. And Ile tell you what I dream'd
Iu. Give me a Torch.
1. G. Be not too hastie sir.
Wil. Nay let him goe,

For if my dreame be true, he must be speedy,
He will be trickt, and blaz'd elſe.

Nur. As I am a woman
I cannot blame her if ſhe take her liberty,
Would ſhe would make thee cuckold thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold for tormenting her.

La. Ile hang her then.

Nur. Ile bleſſe her then, ſhe does Juſtice,
Is this old ſtinking doggs fleſh for her dyet?

Wil. Prethee honeſt Nurſe doe not fret too much
For feare I dreame youle hang your ſelfe too,

In. The Cloiſter?

Wil. Such was my fancie, I doe not ſay tis true,
Nor doe I bid you be too confident.

In. Where are the keyes, the keyes I ſay.

Wil. I dream'd ſhe had 'em to locke her ſelfe in,

Nur. What a devill doe you meane?

Enter Servant.

Wil. No harme good Nurſe be patient

Ser. They are not in the window, where they uſe to be.

Wil. What fooliſh dreames are theſe?

In. I am mad.

Wil. I hope ſo.
If you be not mad, Ile doe my beſt to make yee.

1. This is ſome tricke,

2. I ſmell the Wildgooſe.

In. Come gentlemen, come quickely I beſeech you,
Quicke as you can, this may be your caſe Gentlemen.
And bring ſome lights, ſome lights. *Exit.*

Wi. Move faſter, faſter, youle come too late elſe.
Ile ſtay behind and pray for ye, I had rather ſhe were diſhoneſt,
Than thou ſhouldſt have her.

Enter Maria and Franke.

Mar. Y'are moſt unmanly, yet I have ſome breath left,
And this ſteele to defend me, come not neere me,
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life Ile kill you, if I miſſe that,
Upon my owne heart will I execute,

And

And let that faire beleefe out, I had of you.
Fra. Most vertuous Maide, I have done, forgive my follies:
Pardon, O pardon, I now see my wickednesse,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me,
On your faire hand I seale. *Enter.*
Iu. Downe with the doore.
Ma. We are betraide, oh *Franke, Franke.*
Fra. Ile dye for ye
Rather than you shall suffer, Ile——
Iu. Now Enter. *Enter All.*
Enter sweete Gentlemen, mine eyes, mine eyes.
Oh how my head akes.
1. Is it possible?
2. Hold her, she sinkes.
Ma. A plot upon my honour
To poyson my faire name, a studied villanie,
Farewell, as I have hope of peace, I am honest.
Iu. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains, they bud sure.
Nu. She is gone, she is gone.
Iu. A handsome riddance of her.
Would I could as easily lose her memory.
Nur. Is this the sweete of Marriage, have I bred ther
For this reward?
1. Hold, hold, he's desperate too.
Iu. Be sure ye hold him fast, weele bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can Ile hang him.
Fa. Nay then Ile live to be a terrour to thee,
Sweete Virgin Rose farewell: heaven has thy beauty,
Thats onely fit for heaven. Ile live a little
To finde the villaine out that wrought this injury,
And then most blessed soule, Ile climbe up to thee.
Farewell, I feele my selfe another creature. *Exit.*
La. Oh misery of miseries.
Nu. I told ye Madam.
La. Carry her in, you will pay backe her portion.
Iu. No not a penny, pay me backe my credit
And Ile condition weye.
La. A sad wedding

Her grave must be her Bridall bed, oh *Moll*,
Would I had wed thee to thy owne content
Then I had had thee still.
Iu. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom Lurch. and his Boy.

Lur. What hast thou done?
Boy. I have walked through all the lodgings.
A silence as if death dwelt there inhabits.
Lur. What hast thou seene?
Boy. Nought but a sad confusion thing
Every left in such a loose disorder
That were there twenty theeves, they would be laden.
Lu. Tis very well, I like thy care, but tis strange
A wedding night should be so solitary.
Boy. Certainely there is some cause, some death or sickenesse
Is falne suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange newes is come.
Lu. Are they all a bed?
Boy. I thinke so, and sound a sleepe, unlesse it be
Some women that keepe watch in a low parlour,
And drinke, and weepe, I know not to what end.
Lur. Where's all the plate?
Boy. Why lockt up in that roome.
I saw the old Lady, ere she went to bed
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings
In a small long cheft, her chaine and rings are there too,
It stands close by the Table on a forme.
Lur. Twas a good notice, didst thou see the men.
Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they sayd I was too farre to heare sir.
Lur. Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainely
Have a most prosperous night, which way.

Boy. A close one,
A backe doore, that the women have left open,
To goe in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.

Lur. I love thy diligence,
Wert thou not fearefull.

Boy. Fearefull? Ile be hang'd first.

Lur. Say they had spied thee,

Boy. I was then determain'd
To have cry'd downe right too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadnesse,
Or made an errand to I know not whom sir.

Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge, that plate
Makes a perpetuall motion in my fingers
Till I have fast hold of it.

Bo. Pray be wise sir, doe't handsomely, be not greedie,
Lets handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring theeving into honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches.

Lur. Still my blest Boy.

Boy. And cleere the Roome of drunken Jealousies,
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise ith carriage we may be snap'd.

Lur. Come open, heres a devills face.

Boy. No, no, sir, weele have no shape so terrible,
We will not doe the divell so much pleasure,
To have him face our plot.

Lur. A winding sheete then.

Boy. Thats too cold a shift,
I would not weare the reward of my wickednesse,
I wonder you are an old theefe, and no cunninger,
Where's the long cloake?

Lur. Here, here.

Boy. Give me the Turbant
And the false beard, I heare some comming this way,
Stoope, stoope, and let me sit upon your shoulders
And now as I direct: stay let 'em enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no noise.

Enter Nurſe and Tobie.

Nur. Oh tis a ſad time, all the burnt wine is drunke Nicke.

To. We may thank your dry chaps for't, the Canaries gone too
No ſubſtance for a ſorrowfull minde to worke upon,
I cannot mourne in beere, if ſhe ſhould walke now
As diſcontented ſpirits are wont to doe.

Nur. And meete us in the Cellar.

Tob. What fence have we with ſingle beere againſt her?
What heart can we defie the divell with?

Nur. The March Beere's open.

To. A fortification of March Beere will doe well,
I muſt confeſſe tis a moſt mighty Armour,
For I preſume I cannot pray.

Nur. Why *Nicholas*?

To. We Coachmen have ſuch tumbling faiths, no pray'rs
Can goe an even pace.

Nur. Hold up your candle.

To. Verily Nurſe, I have cry'd ſo much
For my young Miſtreſſe, that is mortified,
That if I have not more ſacke to ſupport me,
I ſhall even ſleepe, heigho, for another flagon,
Theſe burialls and Chriſtnings are the mourneſulſt matters,
And they aske more drinke.

Nur. Drinke to a ſad heart's needfull.

To. Mine's ever ſad, for I am ever dry Nurſe.

Nur. Me thinkes the light burnes blew, I prethee ſnuffe it
There's a theefe in't I thinke.

To. There may be one neere it.

Nur. Whats that that moves there, ith' name of—*Nicholas*?
That thing that walkes.

To. Would I had a ladder to behold it,
Merey upon me, the Ghoſt of one oth' Guard ſure,
Tis the Devill by his clawes, he ſmells of Brimſtone,
Sure he farts fire, what an earth-quake I have in me;
Out with thy prayer booke Nurſe.

Nur. It fell ithe frying-pan, and the Cats eate it.

Tob. I have no power to pray, it growes ſtill longer,
Tis Steeple high now, and it ſayles away Nurſe,

Lets call the Butler up, for he speakes Latine,
And that will daunt the Devill: I am blasted,
My bellies growne to nothing.

Nur. Fye, flye, *Tobie.* *Exit.*

Bo. So let them goe, and whilst they are astonisht
Let us presently upon the rest now sodainely.

Lur. Off, off, and up agen, when we are neere the Parlour,
Art sure thou knowst the Cheft?

Boy. Though it were ith' darke sir,
I can goe to't.

Lur. On then and be happie. *Exit.*

Enter Tobie.

Tob. How my haunches quake? is the thing here still
Now can I out-doe any Button maker, at his owne trade,
I have fifteene fits of an Ague, Nurse, tis gone I hope
The hard hearted woman has left me alone. Nurse ——
And she knowes too I ha but a leane Conscience to keepe me company.
Noise within.
The Devills among em in the parlour sure,
The Ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He is boyling of her bones now, harke how she whistles:
There's gentlewomen within too, how will they doe?
Ile to the Cooke, for he was drunke last night,
And now he is valiant, he's a kin to th' Devill too
And feares no fire,

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. No light?

Boy. None left sir,
They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em
Their fright is infinite, lets make good use on't
We must be quick sir, quick, or the house will rise else.

Lu. Was this the Cheft?

Boy. Yes, yes.

Lur. There was two of 'em
Or I mistake.

Boy. I know the right, no stay sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily,
Put to your strength and make as little noise,

Then

Then presently out at the backe doore.
Lur. Come Boy.
Come happie child and let me hug thy excellence. *Exit.*
Enter Wildbraine.
Wil. What thousand noyses passe through all the roomes?
What cryes and hurries? sure the Devills drunke.
And tumbles through the house, my villanies
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or feare, a little now molest me;
My Cosens death sits heavie o'my conscience,
Would I had beene halfe hangd when I hammer'd it,
I aym'd at a living divorce, not a buriall
That *Franke* might have had some hope: harke still
In every roome confusion, they are all mad,
Most certaine all starke mad within the house
A punishment inflicted for my lewdnesse,
That I might have the more sense of my mischiefe
And runne the more mad too, my Aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd her selfe, or else the fiend has fetch'd her;
I heard a hundred cryes, the Devill, the Devill,
Then roaring and then tumbling, all the chambers
Are a meere babell, or another bedlam,
What should I thinke? I shake my selfe too:
Can the Devill finde no time, but when we are merry,
Here's something comes. *Enter Newlove.*
New. Oh that I had some company,
I care not what they were, to ease my misery,
To comfort me,
Wil. Whose that?
New. Againe? nay then receive——
Wil. Hold, hold I am no fury.
The Merchants wife.
New. Are ye a man? pray heaven you be.
Wil. I am.
New. Alas I have met sir
The strangest things too night.
Wil. Why doe you stare.
New. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out

For if I see the Spirit againe I dye for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to peeces else.
Wil. Ile warrant you, Ile hold yee,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there Ile watch we'yee,
Ile keepe you from all frights.
New. And will ye keepe me.
Wil. Keepe you as secure Lady.
New. You must not wrong me then, the devill will have us.
Wil. No, no, Ile love you, then the devill will feare us.
For he feares all that love, pray come in quickely,
For this is the malicious house he walkes in,
The houre he blasts sweete faces, lame the limbs in,
Depraves the senses, now within this halfe houre
He will have powre to turne all Citizens wives
Into strange creatures, Owles, and long-taild Monkeys
Jayes, Pies, and Parrots, quickely, I smell his brimstone.
New. It comes agen I am gone, shift for your selfe sir. *Exit.*
Wil. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion,
Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damd devill
To drive her backe agen, 't had beene thy policy
To have let us alone, we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, tis a dainty wench
If I had her againe, not all your fellow goblins
Nor all their clawes should scratch her hence, Ile stay still,
May be her fright will bring her backe agen,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Tob. I can finde no bed, no body, nor no chamber,
Sure they are all ith' cellar, and I cannot finde that neither,
I am led up, and downe like a tame asse, my light's out,
And I grope up and downe like blind-man buffe
And breake my face, and breake my pate.
Wil. It comes againe sure
I see the shadow, Ile have faster hold now,
Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad-woman,
She must needes have rare new trickes.
Tob. I heare one whisper

If

If it be the devill now to allure me into his clutches,
For Devils have a kinde of tone like crickets,
I have a glimpse of her guise, tis she would steale by me,
But Ile stand sure.

Tob. I have but a dram of wit left,
And thats even ready to runne, oh for my bed now.

Wil. She nam'd a bed, I like that, she repents sute,
Where is she now.

To. Who's that.

Wil. Are you there, In, In, In presently.

To. I feele his talents through me
Tis an old haggard devill, what will he doe with me?

Wil. Let me kisse thee first, quicke, quicke.

To. A lecherous Devill.

Wil. What a hairie whore tis, sure she has a muffler.

To. If I should have a young Saran by him, for I dare not deny him,
In what case were I? who durst deliver me?

Wil. Tis but my fancie, she is the same, in quickly, gently my Sweete girle.

To. Sweete Devill be good to me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. Wheres my love Boy.

Boy. Shees comming with a Candle
To see our happie prize.

Lur. I am cruell wearie.

Boy. I cannot blame ye, plate is very heavie
To carry without light or helpe,

Lur. The feare too
At every stumble to be discovered boy,
At every cough to raise a Constable,
Well, wee'le be merry now.

Boy. We have some reason;
Things compasd without feare or eminent danger
Are too luxurious sir to live upon.
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit
As his, that digs em out 'oth mine, they last too

Season'd

Season'd with doubts and dangers most delitiously.
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.

Lu. Most learned child.

Enter Mistresse.

Mi. Y'are welcome, where have you left it.

Lu. In the next roome, hard by.

Mi. Is it plate all.

Lu. All, all, and Jewels, I am monstrous weary,
Prethee lets goe to bed.

Mi. Prethee lets see it first.

Lu. To morrowes a new sweet.

Mi. Yes to melt it,
But lets agree to night, how it shall be handled
Ile have a new gowne.

Lur. Shat have any thing.

Mi. And such a riding suite as Mistresse *Newlove's*,
What though I be no gentlewoman borne,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lu. Thou sayst right.

Mi. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lackquay.

Lur. Thou shat have horses sixe, and a postilion.

Mi. That will be stately sweete heart, a postilion.

Lu. Nay weele be in fashion, he shall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would dampe a musket,
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

Mi. That will be deere.

Lu. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheape wench, come thou shalt have any thing.

Mi. Where is this chest, I long sweete to behold
Our Jndies.

Boy. Mistresse lets melt it first, and then tis fit
You should dispose it, then tis safe from danger.

Mi. Ile be a loving Mistresse to my boy too.
Now fetch it in and lets rejoyce upon't.

Boy. Hold your light Mistresse, we may see to enter.

Mi. Ha whats here? call you this a chest?

Boy. We ha mist sir.

Our

Our haſt and want of light made us miſtake?

Mi. A very Coffin.

Lu. How, a Coffin? Boy, Tis very like one.

Boy. The devill ow'd us a ſhame, and now he has paid us.

Mi. Is this your Treaſure?

Boy. Bury me alive in't.

Lu. It may be there is no roome.

Mi. Nay, I will ſearch it,
Ile ſee what wealth's within,——a womans face,
And a faire womans.

Boy. I cannot tell ſir,
Belike this was the ſadneſſe that poſſeſt 'em;
The plate ſtood next, I'me ſure.

Lur. I ſhake, I ſhake Boy, what a cold ſweat—

Boy. This may worke, what will become on's ſir?

Mi. She is cold, dead cold: de'e finde 'your conſcience,
De'e bring your Gillians hither——nay, ſhee's puniſh'd,
Your conceal'd love's cas'd up?

Lur. Tis *Maria*, the very ſame, the Bride, new horror!

Mi. Theſe are fine trickes, you hope ſhee's in a ſound,
But Ile take order ſhe ſhall ne'r recover
To bore my noſe, come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or Ile cry out; take her up inſtantly.

Lu. Be not ſo haſty foole, that may undoe us;
Wee may be in for murther ſo; be patient,
Thou ſeeſt ſhee's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Mi. I am ſure ſhe ſhall not.

Boy. Be not ſir dejected,
Too much a ſtrange miſtake! this had not beene elſe,
It makes me almoſt weepe to thinke upon't.

Lu. What an unluckie theefe am I?

Mi. Ile no conſidering, either beſtirre your ſelfe, or——

Lu. Hold.

Mi. Let it not ſtay to ſmell then, I will not
Indure the ſtinke of a Rivall.

Lu. Would twere there agen.

Boy. We muſt bury her.

Lu. But where o'th ſudden, or with what providence,

That no eyes watch us.
Mi. Take a Spade and follow me.
The next faire ground we meete, make the Church yard,
As I live, Ile see her lodg'd, *Exit.*
Lu. It must be so,
How heavy my heart is, I ha no life left.
Boy. I am past thinking too, no understanding,
That I should misse the right Cheſt.
Lu. The happy Cheſt.
Boy. That, which I saw and markt too.
Lu. Well passion wo'not helpe us,
Had I twentie falls for this?
Boy. Twas my fault sir.
And twentie thousand feares for this, oth' devill,
Now could I curse, well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistresse.

Mi. Hang both for two blind buzzards, here's a Spade
Quickly or Ile call the neighbours.
There's no remedy,
Would the poore hungry prisoners had this pastie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iustice, and a Servant with a light.

Ser. 'Twas a strange mischance sir.
Iu. Mischance, saist? No twas happinesse to me,
There's so much charge sav'd, I haue her portion,
Ile marry twenty more on such conditions.
Ser. Did it not trouble you sir,
To see her dead?
Iu. Not much, I thanke my conscience;
I was tormented till that happen'd, furies
Were in my braine to thinke my selfe a Cuckold
At that time of the night:
When I come home, I charge you shut my doores,
Locks, bolts, and barres, are little enough to secure me.
Ser. Why, and please you?
Iu. Foole to aske that question;
To keepe out women, I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamors, oh I hate

Their

Their noiſe, and doe abhorre the whole ſexe heartily;
They are all walking Devills, Harpyes, I will ſtudy
A weeke together how to raile ſufficiently,
Vpon e'm all, and that I may be furniſh'd,
Thou ſhat buy all the railing Bookes and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented againſt women,
I will read nothing elſe, and practiſe 'em,
Till I grow fat with curſes.

Ser. If youle goe
To th' charge, let me alone to finde you Bookes.

Iu. They come neere us.

Ser. Whats that?

Iu. Where? hold up the Torch Knave.

Ser. Did you heare nothing? 'tis a ——

Iu. Why doſt make aſt and?

Ser. Whats that?

Iu. Where, where, doſt ſee any thing?
We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in ſuch irkeſome places;
They ſay Ghoſts walke ſometimes, harke, de'e heare nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Boy, and Miſtres.

Mi. No further, dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lur. What light is that Boy, we ſhall be diſcover'd;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding. *Boy.* Oh.

Iu. Where's that groane? I begin to be afraid.

Ser. What ſhall we doe ſir?

Iu. We are almoſt at home now, thou muſt goe forward;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

Lur. Tis he?

Boy. I know him too, let me alone.

Ser. Oh ſir, a Ghoſt, the very Ghoſt of Miſtreſſe Bride,
I have no power to runne away.

Iu. Curſed Ghoſt; bleſſe me, preſerve me,
I doe command thee what ſo ere thou art,
I doe conjure thee leave me; doe not fright me;
If thou beeſt a devill vexe me not ſo ſoone,
If thou beeſt

The ſpirit of my wife.

Boy. Thy wife.

Iu. I ſhall be tormented.

Boy. Thy abus'd wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her death, thou haſt an evill conſcience.

Iu. I know it.

Boy. Among thy other ſinnes which blacke thy ſoule,
Call to thy minde thy vow made to another,
Whom thou haſt wrong'd, and make her ſatisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man, or elſe
A thouſand blacke tormentors ſhall perſue thee,
Vntill thou leape into eternall flames;
Where gold which thou adoreſt here on earth
Melted, the Fiends ſhall powre into thy throate;
For this time paſſe, goe home, and thinke upon me.

Lur. Away.

Ser. There are more ſpirits.

Iu. Thanke you deare wife,
Ile beſtow twentie nobles of a Tombe for thee,
Thou ſhalt not walke and catch cold after death.

They goe backward in.

Lu. So, ſo, they'r gone, twas my ingenious raſcall;
But how doſt know he made vowes to another?

Boy. I over-heard the women talke to night on't;
But now lets loſe no time ſir, pray, lets bury
This Gentlewoman, where's my Miſtreſſe? *Enter Miſtreſſe.*

Mi. Here, I durſt not tarry.

Lu. We ha ſo coſen'd the old forty i'th hundred,
And the devill hinder him not, hee'le goe a pilgrimage;
But come, about our buſineſſe, ſet her downe agen.

Mar. Oh. *Lur.* Shee groanes, ha.

Mar. Oh. *Lur.* Agen, ſhe ſtirres.

Mi. Lets flye, or elſe we ſhall be torne in peeces.

Lur. And you be good at that, bury your ſelfe,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his fee,
Away boy. *Exit.*

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I beene?

Mercy defend me: Ha, I doe remember
I was betrai'd, and ſwounded; my heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead bodies eate not;
Sure I was meant for buriall, I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of Ice dwells round about me,
Darkeneſſe ſpreads o're the world too, where? what path,
Beſt providence direct me. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lady, Wildbraine, Women, Toby,

La. THou art the moſt unfortunate fellow;
Wil. Why Aunt, what have I done?
La. The moſt malicious varlet,
Thy wicked head never at reſt, but hammering,
And hatching helliſh things, and to no purpoſe,
So thou maiſt have thy baſe will.
Wi. Why doe you raile thus?
Cannot a ſcurvy accident fall out,
But I muſt be at one end on't?
La. Thou art at both ends.
Wi. Cannot young ſullen wenches play the fooles,
And marry, and die, but I muſt be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perſwade her
(And as I take it) I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend coxecombe her husband Cuckold:
What elſe could I adviſe her, was there harme i'this?
You are of yeares, and have runne through experience,
Would you be content if you were young agen,
To have a continuall cough grow to your pillow,
A rottenneſſe, that vaults are perfumes to
Hang in your roofe, and like a fogge infect you;
Anointed hammes to keepe his hinges turning
Reeke ever in your noſe, and twenty nightcaps,
With twenty ſeverall ſweats.
To. Some Jew, ſome Juſtice,

A thousand heathen smells to say truth Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistresse
In such a mis-ken?
La. Sirra,
Where's the body of my Girle?
Wi. I know not,
I am no Conjurer, you may looke the body,
I was like to be stolne away my selfe, the Spirit
Had like to ha surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.
To. So had I Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had beene ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits
In every corner of the house a Fiend met me.
La. You lie like raskalls,
Was Mistresse *Newlove* such a Spirit sir
To fright your worship;
Well, I discharge you sir, ye'are now at libertie,
Live where you please, and doe what prankes you fancy,
You know your substance, though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound sir to protect your mischiefe;
So fare you well.
Wi. Farewell good Aunt, I thanke you,
Adiew honest *Nicke*, the divell if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones, for this marriage,
Fare well Mistresse *Win.*
To. And shall we part with dry lips;
Shall we that have beene fellow devills together
Flench for an old womans fart?
Wi. Tis a fine time a night too, but we must part *Nick.*
To. Shall we never ring againe? ne're tosse the tenor,
And roule the changes in a Cup of Claret?
You shall not want what ere I lay my hands on,
As I am sure *Automedon* the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; beare up, I say, hang sorrow,
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure,
Sam the Butlers true, the Cooke a reverend Trojan,
The Faulkner shall sell his Hawkes, and sweare they were rotten,
There be some wandring spoones, that may be met with,

Ile pawne a Coach horſe, peace, utter no ſentences.
The harneſſe ſhall be us'd in our warres alſo;
Or ſhall I drive her (tell me but your will now,
Say but the word) over ſome rotten bridge,
Or by a Marle pit ſide, ſhe may ſlip in daintily,
Let me alone for my ſelfe.

Wi. No, no, farewell *Toby*,
Farewell ſpinie *Nicholas*, no ſuch thing,
There be wayes i'the world, if you ſee me
A day or two hence, may be wee'le cracke a quart yet,
And pull a bell, commend to the houſhold;
Nay, cry not *Toby* 'twill make thy head giddy.

To. Sweet Maſter *Wildbraine.*

Wi. No more *Toby*, go, the times may alter ——
But where's the coarſe of my dead coſen,
(If ſhe be dead) I hop'd 'thad but diſſembled
That fits heavy here: *Toby*, honeſt *Toby*,
Lend me thy Lanthorne, I forgot 'twas darke,
I had neede look to my wayes now.

To. Take a lodging with me to night in the Stable,
And ride away to morrow with one of the horſes
Next your heart, pray doe.

Wi. No, good night good neighhour *Toby*, I will wander,
I ſcorne to ſubmit my ſelfe, ere I have rambled,
But whether, or with what, thats more materiall;
No matter, and the worſt come it is but ſtealing,
And my Aunt won'ot ſee me hang'd for her owne credit,
And farewell in a halter coſts me nothing. *Exit.*

Enter Hartlove.

Fran. The night, and all the evills the night covers,
The Goblins, Hagges, and the blacke ſpawne of darkeneſſe
Cannot fright me, no death, I dare thy cruelty,
For I am weary both of life and light too;
Keepe my wits heaven, they ſay ſpirits appeare
To melancholy minds, and the graves open,
I would faine ſee the faire *Marias* ſhadow,
But ſpeake unto her ſpirit ere I died,
But aske upon my knees a mercy from her:

I was a villaine, but her wretched Kinſman,
That ſet his plot, ſhall with his heart blood ſatisfie
Her injur'd life and honor, what lights this?

Enter Wildbraine with a Lanthorne.

Wil. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Taverne doores are baricadoed too,
Where I might drinke till morne, in expectation;
I cannot meete the Watch neither; nothing in
The likeneſſe of a Conſtable, whom I might
In my diſtreſſe abuſe, and ſo be carried,
For want of other lodging to the Counter.

Fra. Tis his voyce, Fate, I thanke thee.

Wi. Ha, who's that, and thou beeſt a man ſpeake?
Franke Heartlove, then I bare my deſtinies,
Thou art the man of all the world I wiſh'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a doores, ſhe has,
At this unchriſtian houre, and I doe walke,
Me thinkes, like *Guido Faux* with my darke Lanthorne,
Stealing to ſet the towne a fire; ith' country
I ſhould be tane for William o'the Wiſpe,
Or Robin Goodfellow, and how doſt *Franke*?

Ha. The worſe for you.

Wi. Come, thar't a foole, art going to thy lodging?
Ile lie with thee to night, and tell thee ſtories,
How many devills we ha met withall;
Our houſe is haunted *Franke*, whole legions,
I ſaw fiftie for my ſhare.

Fr. Didſt not fright e'm?

Wi. How, fright e'm? no, they frighted me ſufficiently.

Fr. Thou hadſt wickedneſſe enough to make them ſtare,
And be afraid o'thee, malicious devill;
And draw thy ſword, for by *Marias* ſoule;
I will not let thee ſcape to doe more miſchiefe.

Wi. Thou art mad, what doſt meane?

Fr. To kill thee, nothing elſe will eaſe my anger,
The injury is freſh, I bleede with all,
Nor can that word expreſſe it, there's no peace in't,
Nor muſt it be forgiven but in death;

Therefore

Therefore call up thy valour if thou'ſt any,
And ſummon up thy ſpirits to defend thee;
Thy heart muſt ſuffer for thy damn'd practiſes,
Againſt thy noble coſen, and my innocence.
Wi. Hold, heare a word; did I doe any thing
But for your good, that you might have her,
That in that deſperate time I might redeeme her,
Although with ſhew of loſſe.
Fr. Out ugly villaine,
Fling on her the moſt hated name of Whore
To the worlds eye, and face it out in courteſie,
Bring him to ſee't, and make me drunke to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I heare ſome voyces this way.
Fr. No more, if you can pray, doe it as you fight.
Ma. What new frights oppoſe me? I have heard that tongue.
Wi. Tis my fortune,
You could not take me in a better time ſir,
I ha nothing to loſe, but the love I lent thee,
My life my ſword protect.
Ma. I know 'em both, but to prevent their ruines,
Muſt not diſcover——ſtay men moſt deſperate;
The miſchiefe you are forward to commit
Will keepe me from my grave, and tie my ſpirit
To endleſſe troubles elſe.
Wi. Ha, tis her Ghoſt. *Fr. Maria.*
Ma. Heare me both, each wound you make
Runnes through my ſoule, and is a new death to me,
Each threatning danger will affright my reſt;
Looke on me *Hartlove*, and my kinſman view me;
Was I not late in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miſerable? full of all misfortunes?
But you muſt adde with your moſt impious angers
Unto my ſleeping duſt this inſolence?
Would you teach time to ſpeake eternally
Of my diſgraces; make Records to keepe 'em,
Keepe them in braſſe? fight then, and kill my honor;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody ſwords,
Through my reviv'd, and reeking infamy
(That never ſhall be purg'd) finde your owne ruines:

Harlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd againe
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit,
If thou kilst him, thou art a murtherer,
And murther shall never inherit heaven:
My time is come, my concealed grave expects me,
Farewell, and follow not, your feete are bloody,
And will pollute my peace: I hope they are melted,
This is my way sure. *Exit.*

Fr. Stay blessed soule.

Wi. Would she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some blood.

Fr. Dost bleed?

Wi. Yes certainely, I can both see and feele it.

Fr. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy hand, as farre as honor guides me,
Ile know thee againe. *Exit.*

Wi. I thanke thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not finde it;
I bleed apace still, and my heart growes heavy,
If I goe farre I faint, Ile knocke at this house,
They may be charitable, would 'twere perfect day.

Enter Mistresse.

Mi. Tis not he? What would you sir?

Wi. I would crave a little rest Lady,
And for my hurts some Surgerie, I am a Gentleman.
That Fortune of a fight ——

Mi. A hansome Gentleman,
Alas he bleedes, a very hansome gentleman,

Wil. A sweet young wench, beshrow my heart a faire one;
Fortune has made me some recompence.

Mi. Pray come in, the aire is hurtfull for you;
Pray let me lead you, Ile have a bed for you presently,
Ile be your Surgeon too, alas sweet gentleman.

Wi. I feele no hurts, the morning comes too fast now.

Mi. Softly I beseech you. *Exit.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

To. He is not up yet Madam, what mean't you
To come forth so earely? *La.* You blocke head;
Your eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is day: oh my poore [illegible]

Where be the women?

To. They ſaid they would follow us.

La. He ſhall not laugh thus at my miſery,
And kill my child, and ſteale away her body,
And keepe her Portion too.

To. Let him be hang'd fort,
You have my voyce.

La. Theſe women not come yet?
A ſonne in law, Ile keepe a Conjurer,
But Ile finde out his knavery.

To. Doe, and Ile helpe him;
And if he were here this whip ſhould conjure him,
Here's a capias, and it catch hold on's breech,
Ide make him ſoone beleeve the devill were there.

La. An old Uſurer.

To. He married the mony, thats all he lookt for,
For your daughter, let her ſinke or ſwimme.

La. Ile ſwimme him;
This is his houſe, I wonder they ſtay thus,
That we might raile him out on's wits.

To. They'le come,
Feare not Madam, and bring Clappers with 'em,
Or ſome have loſt their old wont, I have heard
No diſparagement to your Ladyſhip, ſome o'their tongues
Like Tom a Lincolne three miles off.

La. Oh fie,
How tedious are they?

To. What and we loſt no time,
You and I ſhall make a ſhift to beginne with him,
And tune our Inſtruments, till the conſort come
To make up the full noiſe, Ile knocke.

In. Who's that? raps ſo ſawcily?

To. Tis I, *Toby*, come downe, or elſe we'le fetch you downe;
Alas, this is but the Sauncebell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring you another peale, come downe, I ſay.

In. Some new fortifications, looke to my doores,
Put double barres, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrifie me?
Keepe out her tongue too if you can.

La. I heare you,

And I will send my tongue up to your worship,
The Eccho of it shall flye o're the streete;
My Daughter, that thou killedst with kindnesse (Iew)
That thou betrayedst to death, thou double Iew,
And after stol'st her body.

To. Iew's too good for him.

Iu. I defie you both;
Thy daughter plaid the villaine and betray'd me:
Betray'd my honor.

La. Honor, Rascall,
And let that beare an action, Ile try it with thee,
Honor?

To. Oh Reprobate!

La. Thou mustie Iustice,
Buy an honorable halter, and hang thy selfe.

To. A worshipfull ropes end is to good for him.

La. Get honor that way, thou wot die a dogge else.

To. Come and be whipt first.

La. Where is her Portion. *Enter Nurse and women.*

Iu. Where Ile keepe it safely.

Nur. Traitor, thou shalt not keepe it.

Iu. More of the kennell? put more bolts to'th doores there,
And arme your selves, hell is broke loose upon us.

To. I am glad y'are come, wele blow the house downe.

La. Oh Nurse, I have such cause ——

Wo. Vilaine, viper, although you had no cause, we are bound
To helpe.

Nur. Yes, and beleeve, we come not here to examine,
And if you please weele fire the house.

Iu. Call the Constable.

To. A charitable motion, fire is comfortable.

La. No, no, wele onely let him know our minds,
We will commit no outrage, he's a Lawyer.

Iu. Give me my Musket,

La. Wheer's my daughters body,
That I may bury it?

Wo. Speake, or weele bury thee,

Nur. Alive weele bury thee, speake old Iniquitie.

To Bury him alive by all meanes for a testimony.

Iu. Their voyces make my house reele, oh for Officers,

I am in a dreame, thy daughters ſpirit
Walkes a nights, and troubles all the neighbours;
Goe hire a conjurer, Ile ſay no more.
La. The Law ſhall ſay more.
Wo. Nur. We are witneſſes,
And if thou beeſt not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher, and Boy.

Lur. Buy a Booke of good manners,
A ſhort booke of good manners.
Boy. Buy a ballad, a ballad of the maide was got with child,
To. That might ha beene my caſe laſt night,
Ile ha't what ere it coſt me.
Boy. A ballad of the Witches hang'd at Ludlow.
To. I will have taht too;
There was an Aunt of mine, I thinke amongſt e'm,
I would be glad to heare her Teſtament.
Lur. A new booke of women.
In. The thunders laid, how they ſtare at him.
Lur. A new booke of fooles, a ſtrange booke,
Very ſtrange fooles.
In. Ile owe thee a good turne what e're thou art.
Lur. A booke of walking ſpirits.
In. That I like not.
To. Nor I, they walk'd me the fooles morris.
Lur. A booke of wicked women.
In. Thats well thought on.
Lur. Of rude malicious women, of proud women,
Of ſcolding women, we ſhall nere get in.
Boy. A ballad of wronged Maydes.
La. Ile buy that.
Lur. A little, very little booke
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little, you may put it in a nutſhell.
To. With a ſmall print, that no body can reade it.
Nur. Peace ſirra, or Ile teare your bookes.
In. Open the doore, and let him in, I love him.
Lur. A booke of evill Magiſtrates.
La. I marry, dee here that Juſtice.
Lur. And their eviller wives,
That weare their places in their petticotes.

Iu. Dee you heare that Lady.
Boy. A booke new Printed, against Playing,
Dancing, Masking, May-poles; a zealous Brothers booke,
And full of fables.
Lur. Another booke of women, of mad women,
Women that were borne in March. *Exit.*
La. Are you got in?
We would ha pull'd your knaves hide else; this fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talke more with this Iustice.
Iu. Farewell Madam, as you like this come visit me agen,
You and your treble strings, now scold your hearts out ——
Wo. Shall he carry it thus away?
Nur. Goe to the Judge, and what you'le have us sweare——
La. I thanke yee heartily,
Ile keepe that for the last, I will goe home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleepe long, Ile wake it with a vengeance. *Exit.*

Enter Servants.

1. What booke has he given thee?
2. A dainty booke, a booke of the great Navy,
Of fifteene hundred shippes of Cannon proofe,
Built upon Whales to keepe their Keeles from sinking;
And Dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile;
And Elephants that carry goodly castles.
1. Dost thou beleeve it?
2. Shall we not beleeve bookes in Print?
1. I have *John Taylors* booke of Hempeseede too,
Which for two lines I hapned on by chance,
Ireverence.
2. I prethee what are they?
1. They are so put upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix,
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
So may a Puritans ruffe, though starched in Print,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't:
A Play in the Puritans ruffe? Ile buy his Workes for't,
And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet:
What hast there, a ballad too?

2. This? This is a peece of Poetrie indeed;
He sings; Iustice cries within.
What noise is that?
1. Some cry ith' streets; prethee sing on. *Sing againe.*
2. Agen, dost not heare? 'tis ith' house certainely?
1. Tis a strange noise? and has a tang o'the Iustice.
2. Lets see? *Exit.*
Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gag'd.
1. Vnty his feete, pull out his gagge, he will choake else;
What desperate rogues were these?
2. Give him fresh aire.
Iu. I will never study bookes more;
I am undone, these villaines have undone me,
Rifled my Deske, they have undone me learnedly;
A fire take all their bookes, Ile burne my Study:
Where were you rascalls when the villaines bound me,
You could not heare.
1. He gave us bookes sir, dainty bookes to busie us;
And we were reading in that which was the Brewhouse;
A great way off, we were singing ballads too,
And could not heare.
Iu. This was a precious theefe,
A subtill tricke to keepe my servants safe.
2. What ha you lost sir?
Iu. They ransack'd all before my face, and threatned
To kill me, if I cough'd, they have a chaine,
My rings, my boxe of casting gold, my purse too,
They rob'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,
They tooke away some writings; 'twas a Rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady,
I will indite her for't.
1. Shall we pursue 'em?
Iu. Runne, runne, curs'd raskalls;
I am out of my wits, let not a creature in,
No not with necessaries. 2. We shall be starv'd.
Iu. Ile buy my meate at window, as they passe by;
I wo not trust my Scrivenor, he has bookes too;
And bread Ile ha flung up; I charge yee all
Burne all the bookes i th house.
1. Your little Prayer booke?

Iu. Ile never pray agen, ile have my doores
Made, up nothing but walls, and thicke ones too;
No ſound ſhall tempt me agen, remember I
Have forſwoare bookes.

2. If you ſhould be call'd to take your oath.

Iu. I will forſweare all oathes, rather than ſee
A thing but in the likeneſſe of a booke:
And I were condemn'd, Ile rather chuſe to hang,
Than read agen; come in, and ſearch all places,
They may be about the houſe, were the doores lock'd?

1. But the keyes in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to locke us in ſir.

Iu. Never was man ſo miſerably undone,
I would loſe a limbe to ſee their rogueſhips totter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurſe.

La. Thy brothers daughter, ſaiſt, and borne in Wales?

Nur. I have long time deſir'd to ſee her, and I hope
Your Ladiſhip will not be offended,

La. No, no.

Nur. I ſhould be happy if ſhe might be ſerviceable
To you Madam.

La. Beſhrow me, but at firſt, ſhe tooke me much,
Is ſhe not like *Maria*? ſetting aſide
Her language very like her, and I love her
The better for't, I prethee call her hither,
Shee ſpeakes feate Engliſh.

Nur. Why, *Guennith, Guennith, du hummah Gueneth*;
She is courſe Madam, after her country guiſe,
And were ſhe in fine cloathes ——

La. Ile have her handſome: *Enter Maria.*
What part of Wales were you borne in?

Ma. In Abehundis Madams.

Nur. She ſpeakes that name in Welſh, which we call Brecknocke.

La. What can you doe?

Ma. Her was toe many tings in Walls, know not the faſhion in Londons; her was milke the Cowes, make ſeeze and butters, and ſpinne very well the Welſh freeze, her was Cooke to te Mou taine cots, and ſing very fine prittiſh tunes, was mage good ales and breds, and her know to daunce on Sundayes, marge you, now Madams.

La.

La. A pretty innocence, I doe like her infinitely, *Nurse.*
And if I live—— *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Here is Mr. *Hartlove*, Madame, come to see you:

La. Alas poore Gentleman, prethee admit him.

Enter Hartlove and Gent.

Ha. Madame, I am come to take my last leave.

La. How sir?

Ha. Of all my home affections, and my friends,
For the interest you had once in *Maria*,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdome.

La. Would there were any thing in my poore power
That might divert your will, and make you happy;
I am sure I have wrong'd her too, but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable; shee's dead
Which makes us both sad: What doe you looke on?

1. The likest face ——

Ma. Plesse us awle, why does that sensilman make such unders and mazements at her, I know her not.

Ha. Be not offended maid. (him.

La. How the Wench blushes, shee represents *Maria's* losse to

Ma. Will the sentillman hurt her, pray you be her defences, was have mad phisnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her praine pans, blesse us awle.

Ha. Where had you this face?

Ma. Her faces be our none I warrant her.

Ha. I wonot hurt you, all the lineaments
That built *Maria* up; all those springing beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her tongue, I know her:
Let me see your hand.

Ma. Du Guin, was never theeves, and robberies; here is no findge in her hands warrant her.

Ha. Trust me, the selfesame white,
And softnesse, prethee speake our English Dialect.

Ma. Haleggs? what does her speage hard urds to her, to make poore *Guennith* ridicles, was no mannerly sentilman to abuse her.

Ha. By the love,
That everlasting love I bare *Maria*

Ma. *Mariai*, her name was *Guenith*, and good names, was poore elſe, oman maide, her have no fine kanags to madge her trickſie, yet in her owne cuntries was held a fine enſe her can tell her, and honeſt enſe too, marg you dat now, her can keepe her little legges cloſe enough warrant her.

La. How prettily this anger ſhewes.

1. She gabbles innocently.

Ha. Madam, farewell, and all good fortune dwell w'ee,
With me my owne affections; farwell maide,
Faire gentle maide.

2. She ſighes. *Ma.* Du cat a whee.

Ha. I cannot goe, theres ſomewhat calls me backe.

Ma. Poore *Franke*,
How gladly would I intertaine thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but ſhame forbids me:
If pleaſe her Ladyſhips dwell here with *Guenneth*, and learne to ſpinne and card ull, to mage flannells, and linſeyes ulſeis, ſall tawg co'd urds to her Ladyſhips urſhips for her.

The teares flow from him,

The teares of true affection, woe is me,
O curſed love that glories in maides miſeries,
And true mens broken hearts.

La. Alas I pitty him, the wench is rude, and knowes you not, (forgive her.

Ma. Wyne your nyes pray you, though was porne in Walls 'mong craggy rocks, and mountains, yet heart is ſoft, looke you, hur can weepe too, when her ſee men mage prinie teares and lamentations.

Ha. How hard ſhe holds me?
Juſt as *Maria* did, weepes the ſame drops,
Now as I have a living ſoule, her ſigh too;
What ſhall I thinke, is not your name *Maria*,
If it be not, delude me with ſo much charity
To ſay it is.

Ma. Vpon her life, you was mightie deale in love with ſome podies, your pale ſeekes and hollow nyes, and pantings upon her poſome, know very well, becauſe looke you, her thinke her honeſt ſentilman, you ſall call her *Maria*.

Ha. Good Madam, thinke not ill I am thus ſawcie.

La.

La. Oh no sir, be you not angry with the wench.

Ha. I am most pleas'd.

1. Lets interrupt him, hee'le be mad our right else.

2. Observe a little more.

Ha. Would I could in your language beg a kisse.

Ma. If her have necessities of a kisse, looke you, dere is one in sarities.

Ha. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension, two twinnd cherries
Be more a kin, than her lips to *Maria's*;
And if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same; good Madam, shall I have
Your consent now. *La.* To what?

Ha. To give this Virgin to me.

La. Shees not mine, this is her Kiswoman,
And has more power to dispose; alas, I pitty him.
Pray gentlemen prevaile with him to goe;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Ha. You have beene alwayes kind to me, will you
Denie me your faire Chosen.

Nu. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her owne consent.

Ha. He is no friend that wishes my departure,
I doe not trouble you. 1. Tis not *Maria.*

Ha. Her shadow is enough, Ile dwell with that,
Persue your owne wayes, shall we live together?

Ma. If her will come to morrow and cauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch song too, to make her merries, but *Guenneth* was very honest; her was never love but one gentleman, and he was beare her great teale of goodills too, was marry one day, S. *Davy* her give her five paire of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

Ha. All I am worth,
And all my hopes, this strange voyce would forsake her,
For then she shud be——prethee stay a little,
Harke in thine eare, dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life; I know you are *Maria*:
Speake but as I doe ten words to confirme me;

You have an Englisſh ſoule, doe not diſguiſe it
From me with theſe ſtrange accents —She pinch'd hard
Againe, and ſigh'd. *Exit.*
La. What ailes the Wench?
Nur. Why, *Gunith.*
Ha. She's gone too.
2. Come leave this dreame,
Ha. A dreame? I thinke ſo;
But 'twas a pleaſing one, now Ile obey,
And forget all theſe wonders, lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Wildbraine, and Toby.

Wi. HOneſt *Toby?*
To. Sweet Mr. *Wildbraine*,—I am glad I ha met (weyee.
Wi. Why did my Aunt ſend for me?
To. Your Aunt's a mortall, and thinkes not on you
For ought I can perceive.
Wi. Is my Coſen alive agen?
To. Neither, and yet we doe not heare
That ſhe's buried.
Wi. What ſhould make thee glad then?
To. What ſhould make me glad? have I not cauſe,
To ſee your Princely body well, and walke thus,
Looke blith and bonny, and your wardrobe whole ſtill.
Wi. The Caſe is cleare, and I ha found a Mine,
A perfect Indie, ſince my Aunt caſheer'd me;
What think'ſts of this?
To. Oh delicate bells.
Wi. Thou putteſt me in minde,
We are to ring anon, I meant to ſend for thee;
Meete me at the old Pariſh Church.
To. Say no more.
Wi. When thy Lady is a bed, we ha conſpir'd
A midnight peale for joy.

To. If I faile hang me i'th bell-ropes.
Wi. And how? and how does my Aunt?
To. She's up to'th eares in Law;
I doe so whirle her to the Counsellors chambers,
And backe againe, and bounce her for more money,
And too again, I know not what they doe with her,
But she's the merriest thing among these Lawdrivers;
And in their studies halfe a day together;
If they doe get her with *Magna Charta*, she sweares,
By all the abilitie of her old body,
She will so claw the Justice, she will sell
The tiles of the house she vowes, and sacke out o'th cellar
(That she worships to Idolatry) but she'le hang him.
Wi. I would she could: but harke thee honest *Tobs*,
If a man have a Mistresse, may we not
Without my Aunts leave, borrow now and than
A coach to tumble in, toward the Exchange,
And so forth? *To.* A Mistresse.
Wi. She may be thine when we are married.
To. Command, Ile carry you both in pompe;
And let my Lady go a foot a Law-catching,
And exercise her cornes: where is she Master *Iohn*?
Wi. Shat see her. *To.* Shall we ring for her?
Wi. And drinke her health.
To. Drinke stiffely for five houres.
Wi. Weele drinke fifteene.
To. To night? we will ha twenty torches then,
And through the streets drive on triumphantly;
Triumphantly weele drive, by my Ladyes doore,
As I am a Christian Coachman, I will rattle you
And urine in her Porch, and she shall feare me:
If you say more, I shall runne mad outright,
I will drinke sacke and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now. *Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Wi. Hold for thy buttons sake, the knave's transported.
Lur. *Jacke Wildbraine?* (now?
Wi. Honest *Tom*, how thrives the fellonious world with thee

Lur. You looke and talke as you were much exalted.
Wi. Thar't 'ithe right *Tom.* Ile te ll thee first,
I ha ſhooke off my Aunt, and yet I live ſtill,
And drinke, and ſing; her houſe had like to ha ſpoil'd me;
I keepe no houres now;
Nor neede any falſe key
To the old womans Cabinets, I ha money
Vpon my word, and pawne no oathes toth' Butler;
No matrimoniall proteſtations;
Our ſacke poſſets to the Chambermaid,
I praiſe my Fate, there be more wayes toth' wood *Tom.*
Lur. Prethee releaſe my wonder.
Wi. Ile encreaſe it, wipe thine eyes,
Here is a chaine worth money and ſome man had it,
A fooliſh Diamond, and other trifles ——
Lur. The very ſame, oh Gipſey! Infidell!
All that I ſweat, and ventur'd me necke for,
He has got already; who would truſt a ſtrumpet.
Wi. This? This is nothing to what I poſſeſſe
At home. *Lur.* What home?
Wi. A houſe that ſhall be nameleſſe;
The Miſtreſſe of it mine too, ſuch a peece
For fleſh and blood, added to that ſo loving ——
Lur. Is ſhee married?
Wi. I know not, nor I care not;
But ſuch a prize, ſo mounting, ſo delicious,
Thou wilt runne mad, Ile tell thee more hereafter.
Lur. Nay, prethee a word more.
Wi. I tooke no paines to finde out all this Paradiſe,
My Deſtiny threw me upon't ith' darke, I found it
Wanting a lodging too. *Lur.* No old acquaintance?
Wi. Never, never ſaw her;
But theſe things happen not in every age,
I cannot ſtay, If thou wilt meete anon
At my owne randevow, thou knoweſt the Taverne,
Weele ſup together, after that, a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lur. You keepe your exerciſe, i'the old Church?

Wi.

Wi. No other,
There is no muſicke to the bells, we wo'd
Have bonefires if we durſt, and thou wo'd come
It ſhall coſt thee nothing *Tom*, hang pilfering.
And keepe me company, in time I may
Shew thee my Wench too.
Lur. I cannot promiſe; but you will be there?
Wi. Weele toſſe the bells, and make the ſteeple
Rore boy, but come to ſupper then.
Lur. My hand, and expect me:
Yes I will come or ſend, and to ſome purpoſe;
Art come boy?

Enter Boy with Gowne, Beard, and Conſtables ſtaffe.

Excellent, Knave, how didſt thou purchaſe theſe?
Boy. The ſtaffe I ſtole laſt night from a ſleeping Conſtable;
The reſt I borrowed by my acquaintance with
The Players boyes; you were beſt to loſe no time ſir.
Lur. So, ſo, helpe boy, tis very well, doe I not looke
Like one that breakes the Kings peace with authoritie?
You know your charge, prepare things hanſomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.
Boy. There wants nothing already; but I fly ſir. *Exit.*
Lur. Now Fortune prove no ſlur, and Ile adore thee.
Within. Ser. Whoſe there? *Knocks.*
Lur. A friend wo'd ſpeake with Maſter Iuſtice.
Ser. Who are you? *Lur.* I am the Conſtable.
Ser. My Maſter is not at leaſure to heare buſineſſe.
Lur. How? Not at leaſure to doe the king ſervice;
Take heede what you ſay ſir; I know his worſhip,
If he knew my buſineſſe, would no excuſe.
Ser. You muſt goe to another Iuſtice, Ile aſſure
My Maſter is not well in health.
Lur I know not,
But if your worſhipfull be not at leaſure
To doe himſelfe a benefit, I am gone ſir,
An infinite benefit, and the State ſhall thanke him for;
Thanke him, and thinke on him too; I am an Officer,
And know my place, but I doe love the Juſtice;
I honor any authoritie above me: Beſide,

Beſide, he is my neighbour, and I worſhip him.
Ser. You have no bookes nor ballads Mr. Conſtable
About you?
Lur. What ſhould I doe with bookes does it become
A man of my place to underſtand ſuch matters?
Pray call your Maſter, if he pleaſe to follow me,
I ſhall diſcover to him ſuch a plot,
Shall get him everlaſting fame, Ile be hang'd for't
And he be not knighted inſtantly, and for reward
Have ſome of the malefactors lands Ile bring him too;
But I cannot dally time. *Within.*
Iu. Who's that?
Ser. A Conſtable ſir, would ſpeake about ſome buſineſſe,
He ſayes, will bring you fame, and mighty profit.
Lur. Pleaſe your worſhip, come downe, Ile make you happy;
The notabl'ſt peece of villany I have in hand ſir,
And you ſhall find it out; I ha made choyce
To bring your worſhip to the firſt knowledge, and
Thanke me, as you finde the good on't afterwards.
Iu. What is it? Treaſon?
Lur. Tis little better, I can tell you, I have lodg'd
A crew of the moſt ranke and deſperate villaines:
They talke of robberies, and wayes they did 'em;
And how they left men bound in their ſtudies.
Iu. With bookes and ballads?
Lur. That ſir? that, and murders,
And thouſand knaveries more, tha're very rich ſir,
In money, jewels, chaines,, and a hundred more
Devices. *Iu.* Happy, happy Conſtable, I meet yee
At the backe doore, get ready knaves.
Lur. Not a man I beſeech you,
I have privately appointed ſtrength about me,
They cannot ſtart, your men would breede ſuſpition;
All my deſire is you would come alone;
That you might have the hope of the enterpriſe,
That you might heare e'm firſt, and then proceed ſir,
Iu. I come, I come.
Lur. Tis very well. *Exit.*

Iu.

Iu. Keepe all my doores fast, tis something late.
Lur. So, so, and please your worship Ile direct you. *Exit.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master stayes, I doubt his lime-twigges catch not,
If they doe, alls provided; but I all
This while forget my owne state, faire *Maria*
Is certainely alive, I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she:
There is some tricke in't, but when this is over,
Ile finde it out, this project for the Usurer
May have good effect; however 'twill be sport
To mortifie him a little; *Enter Lurcher.*
He's come without him:
Have you fail'd sir?

Lur. Prosper'd? my little ingineere; away,
He is ith' next roome, be not you seene sirra. *Exit.*

Boy. The pitfalls ready, never Justice
Was caught in such a nooze, ere he get out,
Hee shall runne through a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quicke, tis night already. *Exit.*

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet sir softly, are you not weary?

Iu. Tha'st brought me into a melancholy place,
I see no creature. *Lur.* This is, sir, their denne
Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint,
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never goe without a bordiall; *Seemes to drinke.*
Without this I should die;
How it refreshes me ——
Already? wilt please your worship? I might have had
The manners to ha let you drinke before me;
Now am I lusty. *Iu.* 'Twas a good taste.

Lur. Taste? how dee finde the vertue, nay sir spare it not:
My wife has the receit, dos it not stirre
Your worships body? when you come to examine,
'Till make you speake like Thunder. *Iu.* Hoy he.

Lur. It workes already.

Iu. Is there never a chaire, I was wearier than I thought,

But who shall we have to take 'em, Mr. Constable?

Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the watch word
We will have men enough to surprise an army.

Ba. I begin to be sleepie; what, hast a chaire?

Enter another with a chaire.

Lur. They doe not dreame of us, tis early rising;
Care, care, and earely rising, common wealths men
Are ever subjects to the nods; sit downe sir,
A short nap is not much amisse; so, so, he's fast;
Fast as a fish ith' net, he has winking powder
Shall worke upon him to our wish, remove him,
Nay, we may cut him into collops now;
And he n're feele; have you prepar'd the vault sirra?

Boy. Yes, yes, sir, every thing ins place.

Lur. When we ha plac'd him, you an I boy
Must about another project hard by, his potion
Will binde him sure enough till we returne,
This villany weighes mainely, but wele purge yee. *Exit.*

Bells ring. *Enter Sexton.*

Sex. Now for mine eares, mine eares be constant to me;
They ring a wager, and I must deale justly, ha boyes.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost here 'em, harke, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my directions faile;
The coast is cleare:
How the bells goe? how daintily they tumble?
And me thinkes they seeme to say; Fine fooles Ile fit you.

Sex. Excellent agen, good boyes ——oh that was nought.

Lur. Who's that?

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any meanes yet, harke,
They stop, I hope theile too't agen, close sir.

Enter Wildbraine, Toby, Ringers.

Wi. A palpable knocke. *Rin.* 'Twas none.

To. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have eares. *Sex.* A Knocke, a knocke, a grosse one.

To. Carman, your gallon of wine, you ring most impiously,
Art thou of the worshipfull company of the knights oth' West,

And

And handle a bell with no more dexterity;
You thinke you are in Thames ſtreet
Juſtling the carts: oh a cleane hands a jewell.
Boy. Good ſpeede to your good exerciſe.
To. Y'are welcome.
Boy. I come ſir from a gentleman, and neighbour hard by,
One that loves your muſicke well.
To. He may have more on't,
Handle a bell, as you were haling timber;
Groſſe, groſſe, and baſe, abſurd.
Rin. Ile mend it next peale.
Boy. To intreate a knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Eare you ring thus cunningly or by the Eye;
For to be plaine, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wi. But which way has he layd?
Boy. That your Eare guides you,
And not your Eye.
To. Has won, has won, the Ear's our onely inſtument;
Boy. But how ſhall we be ſure on't.
To. Put all the lights out, to what end ſerve our Eyes then.
Wi. A plaine Caſe.
Boy. You ſay true, tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th'eare
And can you ring ith' darke ſo? (ſure:
Wi. All night long boy.
Boy. 'Tis wonderfull, let this be certaine gentlemen,
And halfe his wager he allowes among yee;
Iſt poſſible you ſhould ring ſo?
To. Poſſible, thou art a child, Ile ring when I am dead drunke;
Out with the lights, no twinckling of a candle,
I know my rope to, as I know my noſe,
And can bang it ſoundly ith' darke, I warrant you.
Wi. Come lets confirme him ſtraight and win the wager. *Exit.*
Boy. Let me heare to ſtrengthen me;
And when y'ave rung ile bring the money to you.
Lur. So ſo, follow 'em;
They ſhall have a coole reward, one hath gold of mine,
Good ſtore in's pocket, *Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a ſhort warning.

They are at it lustily; hay, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths, how it delights me;

Boy. Here, here, sir. *Enter Boy with cloaths.*

Lur. Hast *Wildbraines*?

Boy. His whole case sir; I felt it out, and by the guards
This should be the Coachmans, another suit too.

Lur. Away Boy, quickly now to the Usurer,
His houre to wake approaches.

Boy. That once finish'd,
Youle give me leave to play sir: here they comes. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbraine, Toby, and Ringers.

Wi. I am monstrous wearie,

To. Fie, how I sweat? Reach me my cloake to cover me,
I runne to oyle like a Porpise; 'twas a brave peale.

Sex. Let me light my candle first, then Ile waite on you.

Wi. A very brave peale.

To. Carman, you came in close now.

Wi. Sure 'tis past midnight.

Rin. No stirring in the streets I heare,

To. Walke further, was that a pillar? tis harder than my (nose.
Where's the Boy promis'd us five pound?

Wi. Roome, I sweat still; come, come, my cloake,
I shall take cold *Enter Sexton.*

Sex. Where lies it?

Wi. Here, here, and all our cloathes.

Sex. Where, where? *Rin.* Ith' corner.

To. Is thy candle blinde too, give me the bottle,
I can drinke like a Fish now, like an Elephant.

Sex. Here are the corners, but here are no cloathes;
Yes, here is a cuffe. *Wi.* A cuffe? give me the candle.
Cuffes wo'not cover me---I smell a knavery.

To. Ist come to a cuffe? my whole suit turned to a button?

Wi. Now am I as cold againe as though 'twere Christmas;
Cold with my feare, Ile never ring by the eare more.

To. My new cloathes vanish'd? *Wi.* My all cloathes *Toby.*

Rin. Here's none.

To. Not one of my dragones wings left to adorne me
Have I muted all my feathers?

Wi Cheated by the eare; a plot to put out the candle;
I could be mad; my chaine, my rings, the gold, the gold.
To. The cold, the cold I cry, and I cry truely,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloake to warme me.
Wi. What miserable fooles were we?
To. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope againe, and fasten it,
And take a short turne to a better fortune
To be bauds to our miseries, and put our owne lights out?
Wi. Preethee Sexton lets have a fire at thy house,
A good fire, weele pay thee some way for't, I am stone cold.
Sex. Alas I pitty you, come quickly gentlemen.
Wi. Sure I ha beene in a dreame, I had no mistresse,
Nor gold, nor cloathes, but am a ringing rascall.
To. Fellowes in affliction, lets take hands all,
Now are we fit for tumblers.

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his sleepe will leave him.
And wonder seize upon him,
Bid 'em within be ready. *Iu.* What sound's this?
What horrid dinne? what dismall place is this?
I never saw before, and now behold it;
But by the halfe light of a lampe, that burnes here:
My spirits shake, tremble through my body;
Helpe, helpe, *Enter two Furies with blacke tapers.*
Mercy, protect me, my soule quakes,
What dreadfull apparitions! how I shudder!
1. 2. *Fu. Algripe.* *Iu.* What are you?
1. We are helhounds helhounds, that have commission
From the Prince of darkenesse,
To fetch thy blacke soule to him.
Iu. Am I not alive still?
1. Thou art, but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life, Strabbe,
2. Poyson. 1. Hang thy selfe, this choyse is offer'd
2. Thou canst not hope for heaven; thy base soule is
Lost to all hope of mercy. 2. Quickly, quickly,
The torments coole 1. And all the Fiends expect thee;

Come with us to that pit of endlesse horrour,
Or we will force thee. *Ju.* Oh, oh oh.
1. Grones are too late, sooner the ravisher,
Whose soule is hurl'd into eternall frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand Winters
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, then thou avoid
The certaintie of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their soules shot through with adders, torne on Engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
Could any imagination number them,
As there be moments in eternity:
And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slaine,
Murdered by thy extortion so many?
Iu. Oh, oh.
2. Doe execution quickly, or weele carry thee alive to hell.
Iu. Gently, gentle devills, doe not force me
To kill my selfe, nor doe not you do't for me;
Oh let me live, Ile make amends for all.
1. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villaine,
Pinch off his flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.
Iu. Oh misery of miseries!
Recorders 1. 2. Teare his accursed limbs, to hell with him, ha.
A mischiefe on that innocent face, away. *Creepes in*

Enter Boy like an Angell.

Boy. Malicious furies hence, choake not the seedes
Of holy penitence.
Iu. This must be an Angell,
How at his presence the fiends crawle away!
Here is some light of mercy.
Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertaine it, wretched, wretched man;
What poore defence hath all thy wealth beene to thee?
What sayes thy conscience now?
Ju. Be my good Angell, here I promise thee,
To become honest, and renounce all villany;
Enjoyne me any penunance, ile build Churches;

A whole city of Hospitalls.

Boy. Take heede,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.

Iu. Name any thing within my power, sweet Angell;
And if I doe not faithfully performe it,
Then whip me every day, burne me each minute,
Whole yeares together, let me freeze to Isicles.

Boy. I'th number of thy foule oppressions;
Thou hast undone a faithfull gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land. *Iu.* Young *Lurcher*,
I doe confesse.

Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in despaire may hang or drowne himselfe;
Prevent his ruine, or his blood will be
More sinne in thy account: hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?

Iu. I doe well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon breake thy solemne vow
Made once to that unhappy maide, that weepes
A thousand teares a day for thy unkindnesse,
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?

Iu. But she's dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What doe I instance these, that hast beene false
To all the world.

Iu. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance, doe not frowne sweete Angell;
I will restore all morgages, forsweare
Abominable Usury, live chaste;
For I have beene wanton in my shroud, my age;
And if that poore innocent maide, I so abus'd
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My dayes to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose malice would have dradg'd thee quicke to hell,
If thou abuse this mercy and repent not,

Double

Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be vertuous hereafter,
A bleſſedneſſe ſhall reward thy good example,
Thy fright hath much diſtracted thy weake ſenſes,
Drinke of this violl, and renew thy ſpirits,
I ha done my office, thinke on't and be happy.

Lur. So, ſo, He gapes already, now he's faſt;
Thou haſt acted rarely; but this is not all;
Firſt, helpe to convey him out o'th vault.

Boy. You will diſpenſe with me now, as you promis'd ſir.

Lur. We will make ſhift without thee, tha'ſt done well,
By our device this bandoge may ſcape hell. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe, Maria.

La. Didſt thinke *Maria*, this poore outſide, and
Diſſembling of thy voyce could hide thee from
A mothers ſearching eye, though too much feare,
Leſt thou we'rt not the ſame, might blind a lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my deare *Maria*,
I hardly kept my joyes in from betraying thee:
Welcome againe to life, we ſhall find out
The myſtery of thy abſence; conceale
Thy perſon ſtill, for *Algripe* muſt not know thee:
And exerciſe this pretty dialect;
If there be any courſe in Law to free thee,
Thou ſhalt not be ſo miſerable; be ſilent
Good Nurſe.

Nur. You ſhall not neede to feare me Madam,
I doe not love the uſuring Iew ſo well;
Beſide, 'twas my tricke to diſguiſe her ſo.

La, Be not dejected *Mall.*

Ma. Your care may comfort me;
But I deſpaire of happineſſe.
Hartlove, I dare not ſee him

Nur. Wele withdraw.

La. I ſhall but grieve to ſee his paſſions too,
Since there's no poſſibility to relieve him.

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. The worlds a Labyrinth, where unguided men

Walke

Walke up and downe to finde their wearineſſe;
No ſooner have we meaſur'd with much toile
One crooked path, with hope to gaine our freedome,
But it betrayes us to a new affliction;
What a ſtrange mockerie will man become
Shortly to all the creatures?
Oh *Mariah*!
If thou beeſt dead, why does thy ſhadow fright mee?
Sure tis becauſe I live; were I but certaine
To meete thee in one grave, and that our duſt
Might have the priviledge to mixe in ſilence,
How quickly ſhould my ſoule ſhake off this burden!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Thus farre my wiſhes have ſucceſſe, Ile loſe
No time: Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Hartlove*?
Pardon my rudeneſſe,
Ha. What does that concerne
Thee Boy, tis a name cannot advantage thee,
And I am weary on't. *Boy.* Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it ſir, ſo large were my
Directions, that you could not ſpeake this language;
But I ſhould know you by your ſorrow.
Ha. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it ſeemes; well, whats your buſineſſe?
Boy. I come to bring you comfort.
Ha. Is *Maria*
Alive agen? thats ſomewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my expectation riſe, to
Paſt halfe a bleſſing, ſince we cannot meete
To make it up a full one; th'art miſtaken.
Boy. When you have heard me, you'le thinke otherwiſe:
In vaine I ſhould report *Maria* living;
The comfort that I bring you muſt depend
Vpon her death. *Ha.* Th'art a deſſembling boy,
Some one has ſent thee to mocke me, though my anger
Stoope not to puniſh thy greene yeares, unripe
For malice; did I know what perſon ſent thee
To tempt my ſorrow thus, I ſhould revenge it.

Boy. Indeede I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you doe finde me false; I serve a Mistresse
Would rather dye than play with your misfortunes;
Then good sir heare me out.

Ha. Who is your Mistresse?

Boy. Before I name her, give me some incouragement,
That you receive her message, she is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow
In every circumstance so like your owne,
You'le love and pitty her, and wish your griefes
Might marry one anothers.

Ha. Thou art wilde.
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd faith,
And marriage, and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Marias* heart.

Ha. How's that?

Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your affection;
Did he that married her, deale with my Mistresse,
When careless both of honor and Religion;
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers,

Ha. Part of this truth I know, but prethee boy
Proceede to that thou cam'st for; thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to,
My Mistresse thus unkindly dealt with all,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had ere this, wept her selfe drie as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relieſe,
And twinne to her owne sorrow brought her comfort.

Ha. Could the condition of my fate so equall,
Lessen her sufferings?

Boy. I know not how
Companions in griefe ſometimes diminiſh,
And make the preſſure eaſie, by degrees:
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pitty of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your perſon thus increas'd,
And with it, confidence, that thoſe whom Nature
Had made ſo even in their weight of ſorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd, this gave her boldneſſe
To employ me thus farre.

Ha. A ſtrange meſſage boy.

Boy. If you incline to meete my Miſtreſſe love,
It may beget your comforts; beſides that,
Tis ſome revenge, that you above their ſcorne
And pride, can laugh at them, whoſe perjurie
Hath made you happy, and undone themſelves.

Ha. Have you done boy. *Boy.* Onely this little more;
When you but ſee, and know my Miſtreſſe well,
You will forgive my tediouſneſſe, ſhee's faire,
Faire as *Maria* was,

Ha. Ile heare no more,
Goe fooliſh boy, and tell thy fonder Miſtreſſe
She has no ſecond faith to give away;
And mine; was given to *Maria*, though her death,
Allow me freedome, ſee the Picture of her,

Enter Maria, Nurſe.

I would give ten thouſand Empires for the ſubſtance;
Yet for *Marias* ſake, whoſe divine Figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world, and had thy Miſtreſſe all
The grace and bloſſome of her ſexe; now ſhe
Is gone, that was a walking Spring of beauty,
I would not looke upon her.

Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a meſſage; as becomes
A ſervant, nor did ſhe on whoſe commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love

To your disquiet, she would chide my deligence
If I should make you angry.

Ha. Pretty Boy.

Boy. Indeede I feare I have offended you:
Pray if I have, enjoyne me any pennance for it;
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another. *Ha.* And Ile take thee
At thy word boy, thou hast a moving language,
That pretty innocent, Copple of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to speake,
Winne her to thinke well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.

Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gaine, but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, Ile be faithfull to you,
And my propheticke thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Ha. Thou wert sent to blesse me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Ha. Be happy. *Exit.*

Nur. Hee's gone. *Boy.* With your faire leave Mistresse.

Ma. Have you pusinesse with her pray you?

Boy. I have a message from a gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your eare more private.

Nur. You shall have my absence Neece. *Exit.*

Ma. Was the sentleman afeard to declare his matters openly, here was no bodies was not very honest, if her like not her errands the petter, was wist to keept her preathes to coole her porridges, can tell her that now for aule her private hearings, and tawgings.

Boy. You may, if please you, finde another language,
And with lesse paines be understood.

Ma. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray speake your owne English.

Ma. Have boyes lost her i'ts and memories? plesse us aule.

Boy. I must be plaine then, come, I know you are
Maria, this thinne vaile cannot obscure you:

Ile

Ile tell the world you live, I have not loſt yee,
Since firſt with griefe and ſhame to be ſurpris'd,
A violent trance tooke away ſhew of life;
I could diſcover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin, could declare the place, and minute,
When you reviv'd, and what you have done ſince as perfectly—

Ma. Alas, I am betraid to new misfortunes.

Boy. You are not for my knowledge, Ile be dumbe
For ever, rather than be ſuch a traytor;
Indeede I pitty you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace, call home your modeſt blood,
Pale hath too long uſurp'd upon your face;
Thinke upon love agen, and the poſſeſſion
Of full blowne joyes, now ready to ſalute you.

Ma. Theſe words undoe me more than my owne griefes.

Boy. I ſee how feare would play the tyrant with you,
But Ile remove ſuſpition; have you in
Your heart an entertainement for his love,
To whom your Virgin faith made the firſt promiſe?

Ma. If thou mean'ſt *Hartlove*, thou doſt wound me ſtill,
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keepe it long,
Thou ſeeſt I walke in darkeneſſe like a theefe,
That feares to ſee the world in his owne ſhape,
My very ſhadow frights me, 'tis a death
To live thus, and not looke day in the face,
Away, I know thee not.

Boy. You ſhall hereafter know, and thanke me Lady,
Ile bring you a diſcharge at my next viſit,
Of all your feares, be content faire *Maria*,
Tis worth your wonder. *Ma.* Impoſſible.

Boy. Be wiſe and ſilent,
Dreſſe your ſelfe, you ſhall be what you wiſh.

Ma. Doe this, and be
My better Angell.

Boy. All your cares on me. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lurcher, and Boy.

Lur. I Muſt applaud thy diligence.
Boy. It had beene nothing
To ha left him in the Porch; I call'd his Servants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was ſome ſpice ſure of the falling ſickneſſe,
And that was charitie to bring him home;
They rub'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with ſtrong water,
Still he was ſenſeleſſe, clamors could not wake him;
I wiſhed 'em then get him to bed, they did ſo,
And almoſt ſmothr'd him with rugges and pillowes;
And cauſe they ſhould have no cauſe to ſuſpect me,
I watch'd them till he wak'd. *Lur.* 'Twas excellent.
Boy. When his time came to yawne, and ſtretch himſelfe,
I bid 'em not be haſtie to diſcover
How he was brought home, his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his ſervants,
And told 'em he had ſeene ſtrange viſions,
That ſhould convert him from his Heathen courſes;
They wondred, and were ſilent, there he preach'd
How ſweet the aire of a contented conſcience
Smelt in his noſe now, ask'd 'em all forgiveneſſe
For their hard paſture ſince they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em beleeve, and fetch out the cold ſur-loine:
Pierce the ſtrong beere and let the neighbours joy in't:
The conceal'd Muskadine ſhould now lye open
To every mouth; that he would give toth' poore,
And mend their wages; that his doores ſhould be
Open to every miſerable ſutor.
Lur. What ſaid his ſervants then?
Boy. They durſt not ſpeake,
But bleſt themſelves, and the ſtrange meanes that had
Made him a Chriſtian in this over-joy,
I tooke my leave, and bad 'em ſay their prayers,

And humor him, leſt he turned Iew agen.

Lur. Enough, enough. Whoſe this? *Enter Toby.*
Tis one of my ringers; ſtand cloſe, my Ladies Coachman.

To. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat;
Would I were at racke and manger among my horſes;
We have devided the Sextons
Houſhould ſtuffe amongſt us, one has the rugge, and hee's
Turn'd Iriſh, another has a blanket, and he muſt begge in't,
The ſheetes ſerve another for a frocke, and with the bed-cord,
He may paſſe for a Porter, nothing but the mat would fall
To my ſhare, which with the helpe of a tune and a haſſocke
Out oth' Church may diſguiſe me till I get home;
A pox a bell-ringing by the Eare, if any man take me
At it agen, let him pull mine to the Pillory, I could wiſh
I had loſt mine Eares, ſo I had my cloathes agen;
The weather w'onot allow this faſhion,
I doe looke for an ague beſides.

Lur. How the Raskall ſhakes?

To. Here are company:
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat,
A haſſocke for your feet, or a Piſſe cleane and ſweete;
Buy a mat for a bed, by a ma:
Ringing, I renounce thee, Ile never come to Church more.

Lur. You with a mat? *To.* I am call'd.
If any one ſhould offer to buy my mat, what a caſe were I in?
Oh that I were in my oate tubbe with a horſe-loafe,
Something to hearten me:
I dare not heare 'em;
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat.

Lur. Hee's deafe.

To. I am glad I am: buy a mat for a bed.

Lur. How the Raskall ſweats? What a pickle he's in?
Every ſtreete he goes through will be a new torment,

To. If ever I meet at midnight more a jangling:
I am cold, and yet I drop; buy a mat for a bed buy a mat. *Exit.*

Lur. He has puniſhment enough.

Enter Wildbraine.

Who's this, my tother youth? he is turn'd Beare.

Wi. I am halfe a fraid of my ſelfe: this poore ſhift

I got oth' Sexton to convey me handsomely
To some harbour, the wench will hardly know me;
They'le take me for some Watchman oth' parish;
I ha ne're a penny left me, thats one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomacke,
And that's another mischiefe, I were best goe home,
For every thing will scorne mee in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers;
If I get in adoores, not the power oth' countrey,
Nor all my Aunts curses shall disembogue me;
Lur. Bid her come hither presently, hum, tis he. *Exit Ser.*
Wil. I am betraid to one that will eternally laugh at me.
Three of these rogues will Jeere a horse to death.
Lur. Tis Mr. *Wildbraine* sure, and yet me thinkes
His fashion's strangely altred; sirra watchman,
You rugamuffin, turne you louzie beares skinne;
You with the bed-rid bill.
Wi. Ha's found me out;
There's no avoiding him, I had rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robberie
Than answer to his Articles: your will sir,
I am in haste.
Lur. Nay then I will make bold wo yee;
A Watchman and asham'd to shew his countenance,
His face of authoritie; I have seene that physiognomy;
Were you never in prison for pilfering?
Wi. How the rogue worries me.
Lur. Why may not this
Be the villaine rob'd my house last night,
And walkes disguis'd in this malignant rugge,
Arm'd with a tunne of Iron, I will have you
Before a Magistrate. *W.* What will become of me?
Lur. What art thou? speake.
Wi. I am the wandring Iew, and please your worship.
Lur. By your leave Rabbi, I will shew you then
A Synagogue, iclip't Bridewell, where you
Under correction may rest your selfe;
You have brought a bill to guard you, there be dogwhips

To firke such rugg'd curres, whips without bells
Indeed. *Wi.* Bells.
Lur. How he sweets?
Wi. I must be knowne, as good at first; now, jeere on,
But doe not anger me too impudently,
The Rabbi will be mov'd then. *Lu.* How? *Iacke Wildeboreau*
What time oth' Moone man, ha? what strange bells
Hast in thy braines. *Wi.* No more bells,
No more bells, they ring backwards.
Lu. Why, where's the Wench, the blessing that befell thee?
The unexpected happinesse? wher's that *Iacke*?
Where are thy golden dayes?
Wi. It was his tricke as sure as I am lousie,
But how to be reveng'd— *Lu.* Fie, fie, *Iacke*,
Marry a Watchmans widow in thy young dayes,
With a revenew of old Iron, and a rugge [illegible]
Is this the Paragon, the dainty Peece,
The delicate divine Rogue? *Wi.* 'Tis enough I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating;
Give me my bill, *Lur.* You neede not aske your Taylors,
Vnlesse you had better linings; it may be
To avoid suspition you are going thus
Disguis'd to your faire Mistresse. *Wi.* Mocke me further,
Or as I live Ile lay my bill o'thy pate,
Ile take a Watchmans fury into my fingers,
To ha no judgement to distinguish persons
And knocke thee downe. *Lu.* Come, I ha done, and now
Will speake some comfort to thee, I will leade thee
Now to my Mistresse hither to conceal'd;
She shall take pitty on thee too, she loves
A hansome man; thy miserie invites me
To doe thee good, Ile not be jealous *Iacke*;
Her beauty shall commend it selfe; but doe not
When I have brought you into grace supplant me.
Wi. Art thou in earnest, by this cold Iron——
Lu. No oathes, I am not costive; here she comes:

Enter Mistresse.

Sweet heart, I have brought a gentleman,

A friend of mine to be acquainted with you,
He's other, than he seemes; why d'ee stare thus?
Mi. Oh sir, forgive me, I have done you wrong.
Lur. Whats the matter? didst ever see her afore *Iacke*?
Wi. Prethee doe what thou wo't wo'mee, if thou hast
A minde, hang me up quickly.
Lur. Never despaire, Ile give thee my share rather,
Take her, I hope she loves thee at first sight;
She has Peticoates will patch thee up a suit;
I resigne all, onely Ile keepe these trifles,
I tooke some paines for 'em, I take it *Iacke*;
What thinke you pinke of beauty, come let me
Counsell you both to marry, she has a trade,
If you have audacitie to hooke in Gamsters:
Let's ha a wedding, you will be wondrous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match.
Mi. As you are a man forgive me, Ile redeeme all.
Lur. You wo'not to these geere of marriage then?
Wi. No, no, I thanke you *Tom*, I can watch for
A groat a night, and be every gentlemans fellow. (*Exit. Mi.*
Lur. Rise, and be good, keepe home and tend your businesse.
Wi. Thou hast don't to purpose, give me thy hand *Tom*;
Shall we be friends? thou see'st what state I am in,
Ile undertake this pennance to my Aunt,
Just as I am, and openly Ile goe;
Where, if I be received againe for currant,
And fortune smile once more——
Lur. Nay, nay, I'me satisfied, so farewell honest lounzie *Iacke*.
Wi. I cannot helpe it, some men meet with strange destinies.
If things goe right thou maist be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparrell:
So farewell *Tom*, commend me to thy Polcats. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Servant.

La. Now that I have my counsell ready, and my cause ripe;
The Judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone.
Nur. No man knowes whether,

And yet they talke he went forth with a Constable
That told him of strange businesse, that would bring him
Money and lands, and heaven knowes what; but they
Have search'd, and can not finde out such an Officer:
And as a secret, Madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spie,
They had a shrewd suspition 'twas the devill
I'th likenesse of a Constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things; there have beene men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have borne strange fruits:
De'e thinke he has not hang'd himselfe?

La. If he be hang'd, who ha's his goods?

Nur. They are forfeited, they say.

La. He has hang'd himselfe for certaine then,
Onely to cosen me of my Girles portion. *Nu.* Very likely.

La. Or did not the Constable carry him to some prison?

Nu. They thought on that too, and search'd every where,

La. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

Nu. Nay, they did looke among the quarters too,
And muster'd all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the gentleman agen.

La. What gentleman?

Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistresse.

La. Alas, tis *Heartlove*, 'twill but feede his melancholy,
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainely,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.

Nu. Please you entertaine him a while Madam,
Ile cast about for some thing with your daughter.

La. Do what thou wot, pray Mr. *Heartlove* enter.

Enter Heartlove. *Exit. Ser. & Nurse severally.*

Ha. Madam, I come to aske your gentle pardon.

La. Pardon, for what? you ne're offended me.

Ha. Yes, if you be the mother of *Maria*.

La. I was her mother, but that word is cancel'd,

And

And buried with her in that very minute
Her soule fled from her, we lost both our names
mother and of daughter.
Of *Ha.* Alas, Madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked termes, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood;
No matter for the empty voyce of mother,
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted. *La.* You amaze me, by whom?
Ha. By me, I am the vile profaner.
La. Why doe you speake thus indiscreetly sir?
You ever honor'd her. *Ha.* I did alive,
But since she died, I ha beene a villaine to her.
La. I doe beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know, how much I sinn'd
In forcing her to marry. *Ha.* Doe not mocke me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deede able to fright her from her sleepe,
And through her marble, oft to be reveng'd;
A wickednesse, that if I should be silent,
You as a witnesse must accuse me for't.
La. Was I a witnesse? *Ha.* Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or grant, you did but thinke so,
By what I ha profest, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my teares upon her grave.
Yes, and proofe sufficient. *La.* To what?
Ha. That I forgetfull of my fame and vowes
To faire *Maria*, ere the worme could pierce
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for an other;
Did you not blush to see me turne a Rebell?
So soone to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curse my levitie,
Or thinke upon her death with the lesse sorrow
That she had scap'd a punishment more killing,

Oh how I shame to thinke on't.

La. Sir in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your *Maria*, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likenesse.

Ha. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maide, whose innocent face
Like your *Maria's* wonne so late upon me,
My passions are corrected, and I can
Looke on her now, and woman kinde, without
Love in a thought; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgement, you'l'e be
So kinde to shew me in what silent grave
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will aske
Forgivenesse of all her dust, and never leave,
Till with the loud confession of my shame
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon;
Will you deny this favour? then farewell,
Ile never see you more: ha!

Enter Nurse, Maria in her owne apparell, after some shew of wonder he goes toward her.

La. Be not deluded sir, upon my life
This is the soule whom you but thought *Maria*
In my daughters habit; what did you meane Nurse?
I knew she would but cozen you, is she not like now?
One dew unto another is not nearer.

Nu. She thinkes she is a gentlewoman;
And that imagination has so taken her,
She scornes to speake, how handsomely she carries it,
As if she were a well bread thing, her body?
And I warrant you, what looke's?

La. Pray be not foolish.

Ha. I disturbe no body, speake but halfe a word
And I am satisfied, but what needs that?
Ile sweare tis she. *La.* But doe not, I beseech you,
For trust me sir, you know not what I know.

Ha. Peace then,

And let me pray, she holds up her hands with me.
La. This will betray all. *Ha.* Love ever honor'd,
And ever young, thou Soveraigne of all hearts,
Of all our sorrowes, the sweet ease, *She weepes now.*
Does she still cozen me? *Nu.* You will see anon,
'Twas her desire, expect the issue Madam.
Ha. My soules so bigge, I cannot pray; tis she,
I will goe neerer. *Enter Algripe, Lurcher, Boy.*
Nur. Here's Mr. *Algripe* and other strangers Madam.
Al. Here good Lady,
Vpon my knees I aske thy worships pardon;
Heres the whole summe I had with thy faire daughter;
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yeeld her up againe to her old liberty:
I had a wife before, and could not marry;
My pennance shall be on that man that honor'd her
To conferre some land. *La.* This is incredible.
Al. Tis truth. *Lur.* Doe you know me sir?
Al. Ha, the gentleman I deceiv'd.
Lur. My name is *Lurcher.*
Al. 'Shat have thy morgage.
Lur. I ha that already, no matter for the deede
If you release it. *Al.* Ile do't before thy witnesse;
But where's thy sister? if she live I am happy, though
I conceale our contract, which was
Stolne from me with the evidence of this land.
The Boy goes to Maria and gives her a paper; she wonders, and smiles upon Hartlove, he amaz'd approaches her: afterward she shewes it her mother, and then gives it to Hartlove.
Nur. Your daughter smiles.
Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell sir.
Boy. Even here, and please you sir. *Al.* How?
Boy. Nay, tis she;
To worke thy faire way, I preserved you brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd yee
Thus like a Boy; I serv'd you faithfully,
And cast your plots but to preserve your credit;
Your foule ones I diverted to faire uses;

So farre as you would hearken to my counsell;
That all the world may know how much you owe me.
Al. Welcome entirely, welcome my deare *Alaube*,
And when I lose the agen, blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kisse thee in these cloathes.
Lur. And I too, (cheese?
And blesse the time I had so wise a sister, wer't thou the little
Boy. I stole the contract, I must confesse,
And kept it to my selfe, it most concerne me.
Ha. Contracted? this distroies his after marriage.
Ma. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman, my heart goes with it.
Al. *Maria* alive! how my hearts exalted, tis my duty;
Take her *Franke Hartlove*, take her; and all joyes
With her; besides some land to advance her Joynture.
La. What I have is your owne, and blessings crowne yee.
Ha. Give me roome,
And fresh aire to consider, gentlemen,
My hopes are too high.
Ma. Be more temperate,
Or Ile be Welsh againe.
Al. A day of wonder.
Lur. Lady, your love, I ha kept my word; there was
A time, when my much sufferings made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to crosse you:
And fearing you were dead I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurpe my office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmeleſſe tales.
Enter Wildbraine. *Shee within.*
Wi. Hallow your throates a peeces, I am at home;
If you can roare me out againe——
La. What thing is this?
Lur. A continent of fleas: roome for the Pageant;
Make roome afore there; your kinsman Madam.
La. My kinsman? let me wonder!
Wi. Do, an Ile wonder too, to see this company
At peace one with another; tis not worth

Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
Ye're merry Aunt, I see, and all your company:
If yee be not, Ile foole up, and provoke yee;
I will doe any thing to get your love againe:
Ile forsweare midnight Tavernes and temptations,
Give good example to your Groomes, the maides
Shall goe to bed and take their rest this yeare:
None shall appeare with blisters in their bellies.

Lur. And when you will foole againe, you may goe ring.

Wi. Madam, have mercy.

La. Your submission sir,
I gladly take, we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards;
Now you are soundly sham'd, well wi restoore you:
Wheres *Toby*?
Wheres the Coachman?

Nur. Hee's a bed, Madam,
And has an ague, he sayes.

Lur. Ile be his Physitian.

La. We must a foote then.

Lur. Ere the Priest ha done
Toby shall waite upon you with his Coach,
And make your Flanders Mares dance backe agen wi'yee.
I warrant you Madam you are mortified,
Your sute shall be granted too.

Wi. Make, make roome afore there.

La. Home forward with glad hearts, home child.

Ma. I waite you.

Ha. On joyfully, the cure of all our griefe,
Is owing to this pretty little Theefe.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.